True POLICE Stories MAGAZINE

INTERNATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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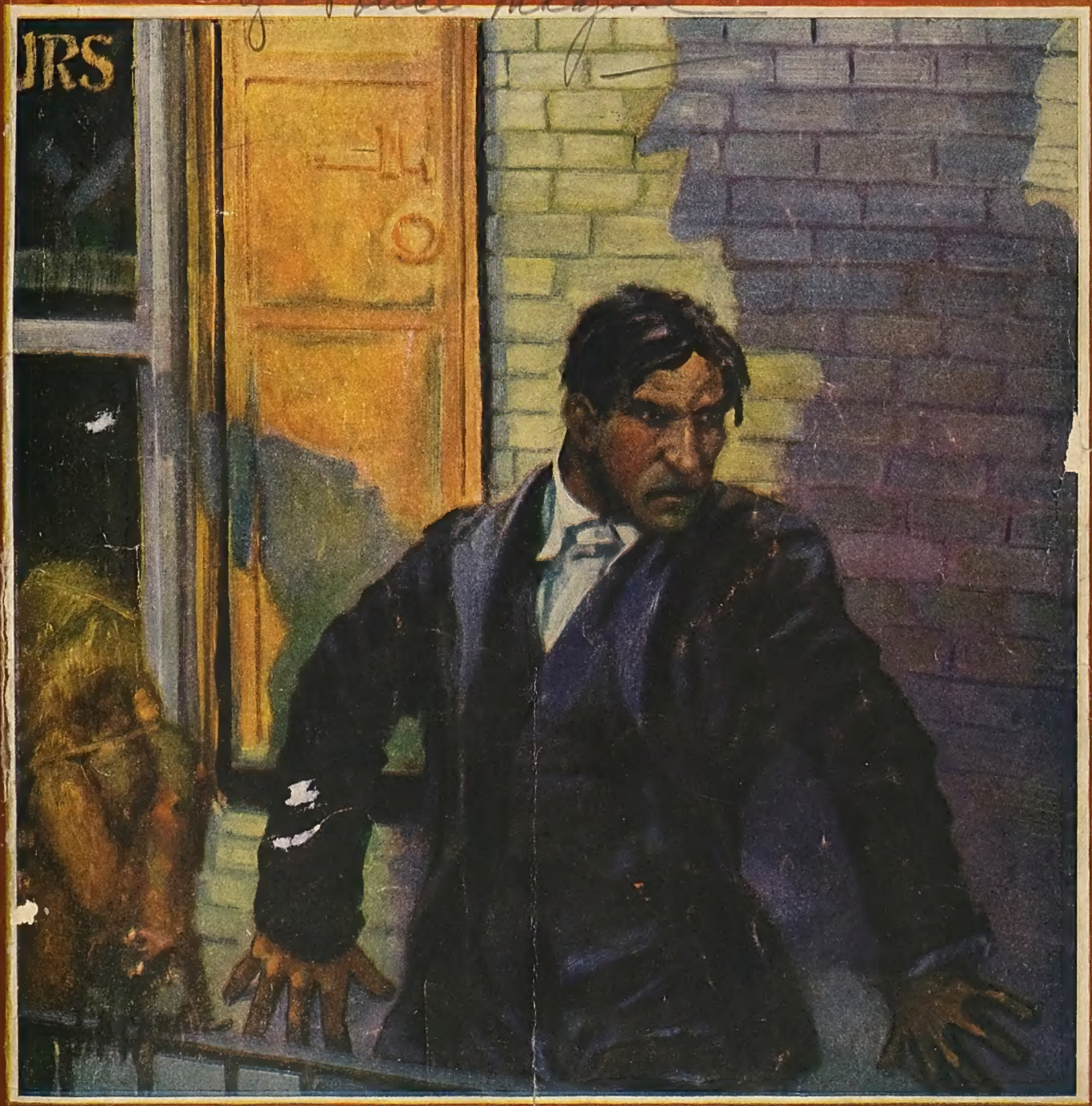
OCTOBER, 1925



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Could you go to Europe and speak well enough to be understood by customs and railway officials, hotel people, taxi-drivers, waiters? Could you understand them? Everybody wants to be able to talk and read at least one of the three principal European languages—either for travelling abroad, for general culture, or for business reasons. Can you?

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If not, how would you like to learn quickly and easily—the way children do?

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A REMARKABLY simple new method of teaching languages now enables you to speak and read French, German or Spanish in only a few weeks—without once translating or referring to a dictionary! Not a word of English in any lesson—yet you learn a foreign language at sight, and *understand* it.

This revolutionary method is based on the *natural* way in which children learn languages, by "mental absorption." You know how quickly a foreigner's child—even only five years old—will "pick up" English from his American playmates, and be speaking fluently, while his parents are still struggling to express the simplest thoughts.

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Police Stories

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

October, 1925

E. C. CONOVER
Publisher

TH: NAST CRAWFORD
Editor

VOL. III

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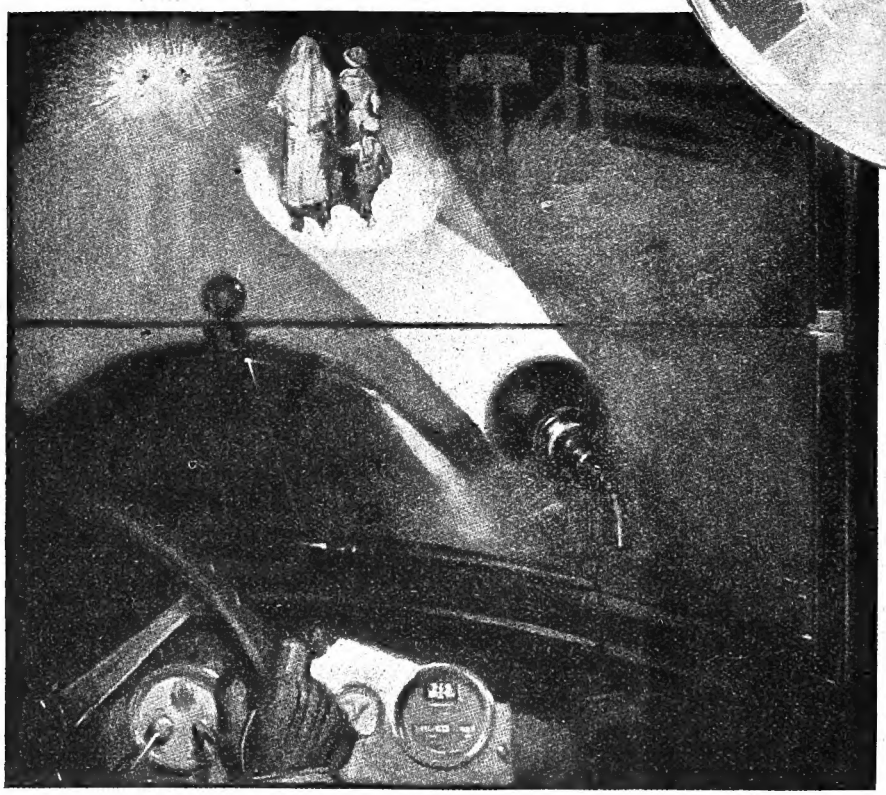
The Eye of the Law

POLICE DEPARTMENTS in many localities are adopting the Fyrac Night Guide not only because it aids in night driving but as a help in capturing criminals at night. Its beam can be aimed in any direction—up alleys, across fields, in dark corners and other places where criminals might be trying for a getaway.

Patented May 15, 1923, and July 15, 1924; others pending.

Fits thru your windshield glass



It is in the prevention of accidents of the nature described by the writer in the editorial reprinted below that makes the Fyrac Night Guide invaluable.

Of course in a fatal highway accident, the intent to kill is missing, still a murder has occurred.

Fyrac also works for the protection of the occupants of the car. The sudden appearance of a pedestrian in front of the car and the bright lights of an approaching car, combine to unnerve the driver and a swerve off the road is almost inevitable.

And the result! A wrecked car and serious injury or possibly death to the motorists.

Murderers by Accident

Reprinted from N. Y. Evening Graphic

MOTORISTS who drive at night on country roads are likely at any moment to become murderers by accident.

The state law has regulated the power of dimmer lights on motor cars.

These lights give too little illumination for the driver. He cannot see objects clearly on the road ahead of him.

His limit of vision is less than a hundred feet. If he is faced by the *bright* lights of an approaching car this range of vision is cut to fifteen feet or less.

He has no opportunity to stop or turn aside if he suddenly sees persons walking ahead of him on the road.

If YOU have occasion to walk along a dark road at night, LOOK OUT. The SAFEST way is to walk on the LEFT side of the road, so you will FACE oncoming motor cars. When they draw near, STEP FAR OUT OF THE ROAD. The driver may be the most careful man in the world, but he may not SEE you until it is too late.

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Helping to Reduce Highway Accidents

THE Fyrac Night Guide is a valuable aid to law enforcement bodies. For it helps to reduce highway accidents at night.

When the car driver aims his Fyrac beam on the right hand edge of the road, he can drive a straight course in the face of even the brightest headlights.

He can see where the road leaves off and the ditch begins; he can see and avoid culverts, road obstructions, pedestrians and other objects.

Most important of all, the Fyrac beam, pointed down on the right hand road edge, does not in any way impair the vision of the approaching driver.

Of the Fyrac Night Guide, one public official says, "It is more a *necessity* than an accessory." Mayor Henry W. Kiel of St. Louis voices the sentiment of many when he says, "It aids in no small way to make night driving safe and to eliminate needless accidents."

Installed through the windshield glass, the Fyrac Night Guide is controlled from *inside* the car—its switch and Gun Grip are always within instant reach of the driver's hand, even when windows are closed or curtains in place.

The picture on this page shows one of the Fyrac-equipped cars of the New York Police Department, where several sections are equipped. The 10 feet of extra cord furnished with each Fyrac Guide, as illustrated, allows its instant removal from the windshield for use as a trouble light.

Drive safely at night! Have your dealer install a Fyrac Night Guide on *your* car. He'll do it while you wait. "Beauty by day—safety at night"—for only $8.50!

Write today for circular of 31 uses

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FYRAC
Night GUIDE
the Legal Spotlight

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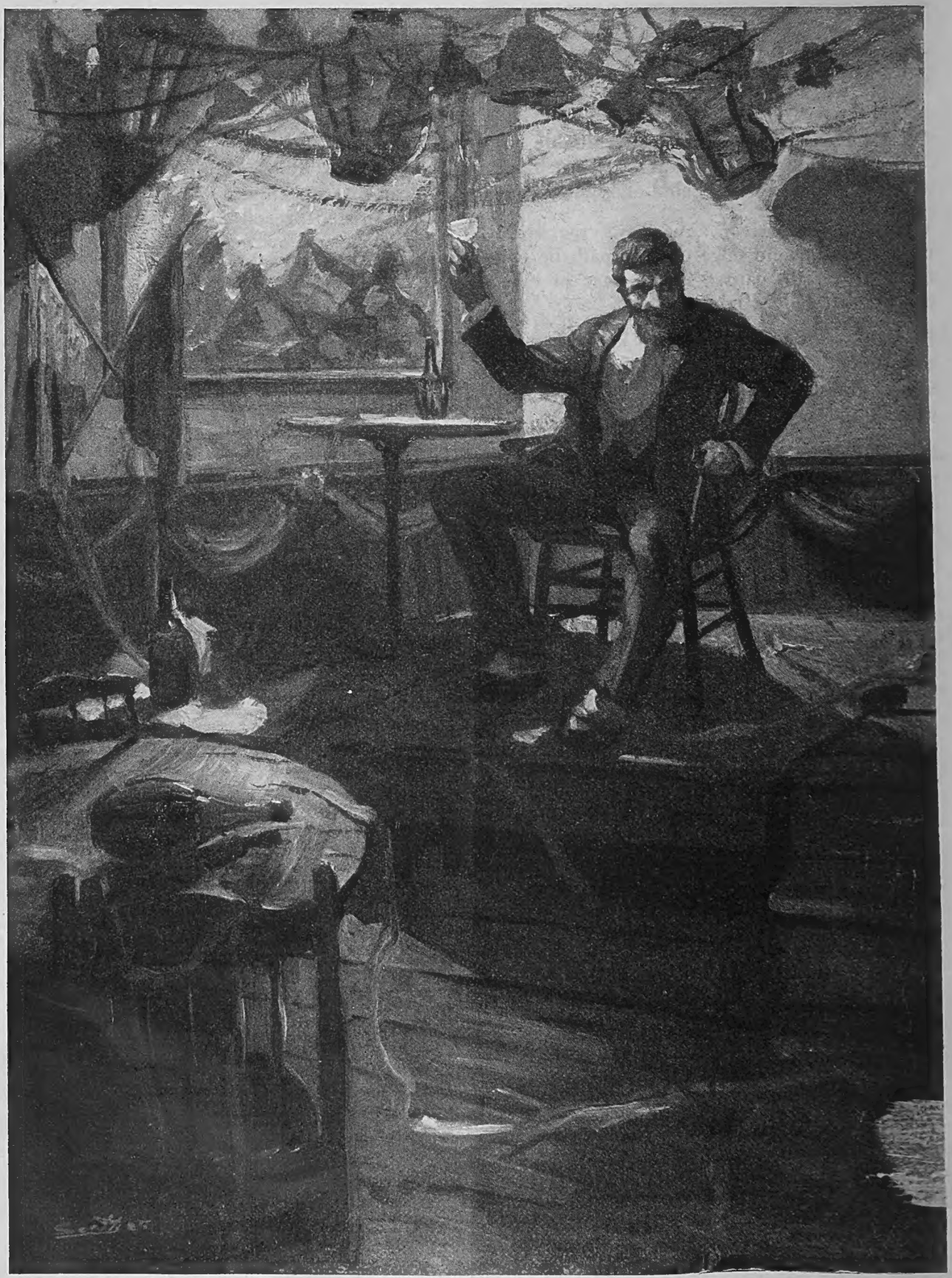

Drawn by H. Winfield Scott

On the dais sat Nero Gilio, resplendent in evening dress, shouting to his guests between draughts of champagne to drink, sing and "raise the devil".

(See "The Two-Fold Feud" page **19**)

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POLICE STORIES

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POLICE PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 19 WEST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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25 CENTS A COPY

"The white boy lie," repeated Wetumka

Danny *on the* Warpath

Race Prejudice; Crooked Politics; Flying Fists and Sloe Black Eyes—

A Tale from the Land of Flowing Gold

By DON LIVINGSTON

Illustrated by EUGENE M. FRANDZEN

IN the Oklahoma oil country when politicians and unscrupulous guardians of oil-rich Indians conspire to defraud the red man, it usually happens that they succeed with an ease that would not be thought possible in a land of courts and law-enforcement. Honest citizens lament the fact, and, feeling helpless, seldom do more about it. But when the arch-defrauder, Sam Garber, tried to handle a two-million dollar deal that involved the romance of the Cupid-inspired Danny Phelan, things began to happen.

Garber was political czar, mayor of the oil town of Naylor, and the plotter of many a crafty deal. He had grown up among the Indians, and they trusted him. While actually defrauding them he pretended to be fighting for their rights in the despised councils of the white men, and they looked upon him as their one trustworthy white friend. Everybody except Officer Danny Phelan said his scheme to defraud a number of unsuspecting old Creek Indians of oil land worth a million or two of dollars would succeed because it was legal-proof. Then it was that Danny Phelan brought a fist down upon the chief's desk with a force that upset the inkstand and swore that if law and officers and courts and armies and navies are not able to protect the rights and property of the helpless, then he would do it himself.

The reason for Danny's vehemence was no secret in headquarters. It was old Chief Wetumka's daughter who worked in Newlin's Cafe evenings. Danny had been fairly warned. Policeman Ed Ragland, a native son who spoke the languages and read the hearts of half a dozen tribes of red men, had cautioned him.

"Ye ain't a chance, Danny me boy," Ed had declared. "Bein' a cop ye're not appreciated. These Injuns have been lawed out of so much they think the law is a lot of bunk and every officer is a crook. And this gal of Wetumka's is Injun in everything except looks and ancestors, and she thinks they're right—which they are in some res-

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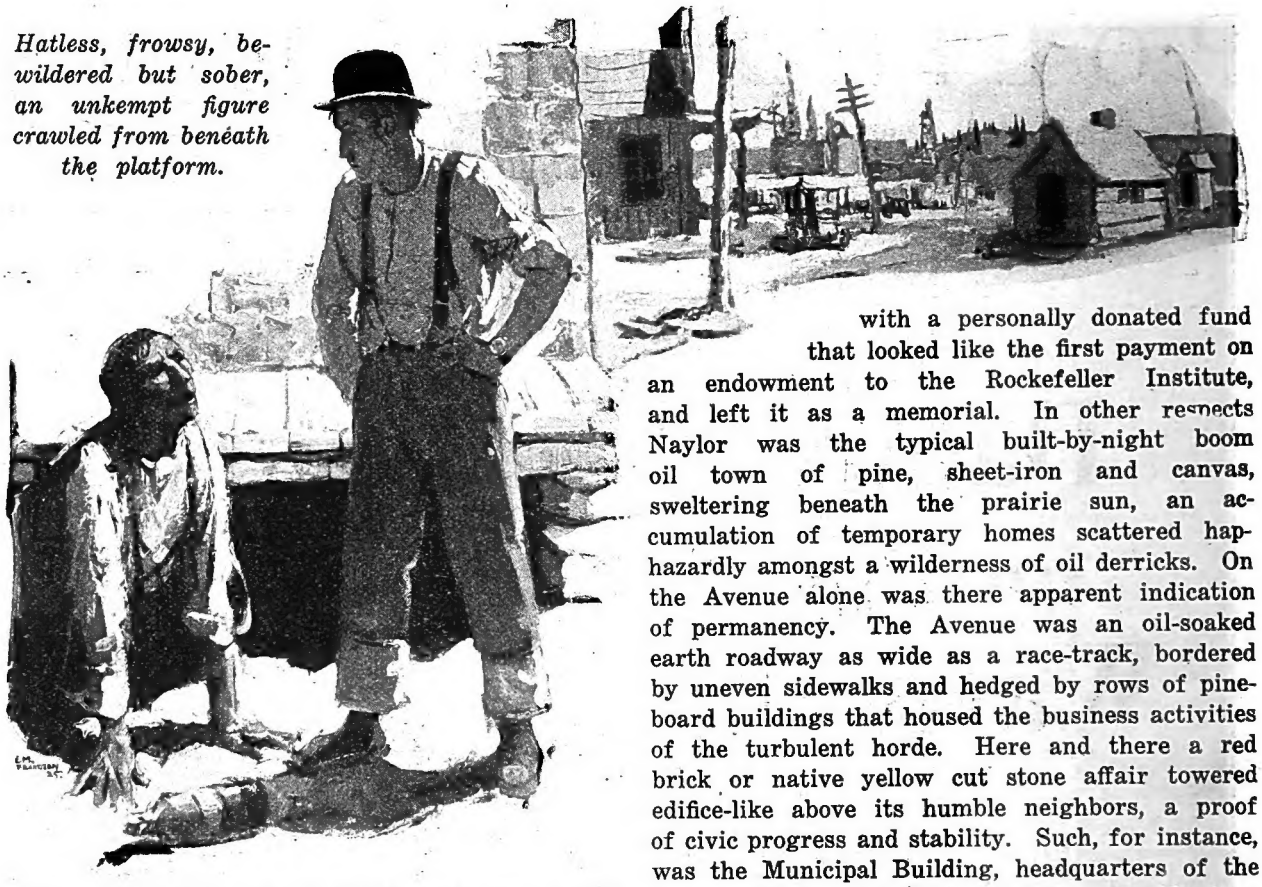

Hatless, frowsy, bewildered but sober, an unkempt figure crawled from beneath the platform.

picts. Now if ye was a tool-dresser or a truck-driver ye'd be a winner with your looks and all. But with that cop's badge on ye'll have no luck a courtin' Wetumka's daughter."

"In that case," said Danny Phelan, "Ill have to show her where she's wrong. Bein' a cop ain't exactly a thing to be ashamed of. And I'm figurin' on Kate Wetumka becomin' the Missis Officer Phelan."

Danny was every inch a cop, and proud of it. His big city brethren might with profit emulate the swing of his capable arms and the easy dignity of his stride as he sauntered down the Avenue, a figure most pleasing to the eye in the immaculate new uniform which clung precisely to his six feet of athletic manhood. Chief Sam Bentley pointed him out as a model to the other eleven members of Naylor's alert and efficient force. It is true that Danny was but little concerned about the technical phases of the law he was supposed to uphold; but his own word was a law upon his beat. "Right's right", was the epitomized expression of his code, and he enforced it conscientiously. He was familiarly addressed as Danny by the entire Avenue; and he proudly carried in his pocket a letter addressed to Officer Phelan assuring him that folks back home always knew he'd be a great man some day.

Newcomers in Naylor, surprised to see uniformed officers in a boom oil town, were told that old Zeph Naylor, who first struck oil and founded the town, had created the force, provided for it with a personally donated fund that looked like the first payment on an endowment to the Rockefeller Institute, and left it as a memorial. In other respects Naylor was the typical built-by-night boom oil town of pine, sheet-iron and canvas, sweltering beneath the prairie sun, an accumulation of temporary homes scattered haphazardly amongst a wilderness of oil derricks. On the Avenue alone was there apparent indication of permanency. The Avenue was an oil-soaked earth roadway as wide as a race-track, bordered by uneven sidewalks and hedged by rows of pine-board buildings that housed the business activities of the turbulent horde. Here and there a red brick or native yellow cut stone affair towered edifice-like above its humble neighbors, a proof of civic progress and stability. Such, for instance, was the Municipal Building, headquarters of the powers of the district; and such was Newlin's Cafe, the most popular eating place on the Avenue. By day the Avenue raged with the ceaseless oil-field traffic; by night it swarmed with the excess of oil-field populace seeking amusement in its inadequate picture shows and dance halls.

From four to twelve evenings, Danny maintained order on the busiest section of the Avenue. He also did other things which, according to Ed Ragland, were likely to disturb the very peace he was supposed to uphold. Promptly at six each evening he smoothed imaginary wrinkles from his coat sleeves, brushed the Avenue dust from his shoes with a white 'kerchief, and took his place at Newlin's lunch counter. There he ordered coffee because it was served by a dark-haired angel in the person of Kate Wetumka.

"Why order coffee?" she asked beaming on him with silent laughter. "You don't drink half of it, and it's a terrible waste."

"Nothing is a waste that gives me a chance to see you," replied Danny bold in the resolution that this same delectable young creature must assume the custodianship of his pipe and slippers for life or his peace of mind would forever be disturbed. She was exactly the size Danny thought an angel should be, her hair was the color of ravens at midnight, her lips vivid bows of crimson delight. She was the personification of that elusive vision that young cops dream of saving from the clutches of desperate villains or snatching from the path of rushing wheels.

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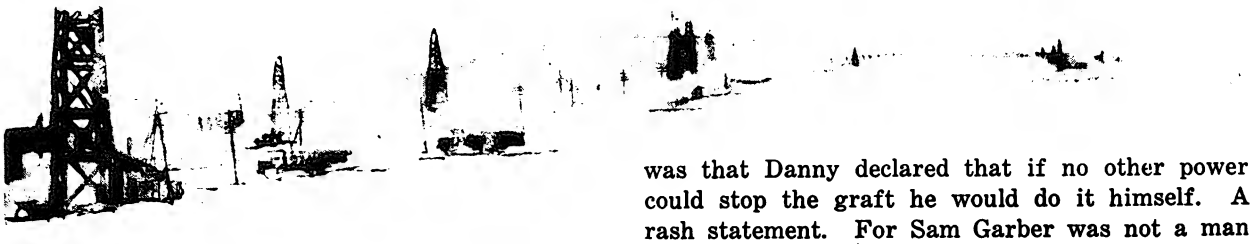

"Danny Phelan, it's too bad you're a cop," she declared with a ringing little laugh that made Danny wonder whether she might be laughing at him or at what he said. Then she glided away, lost to Danny in the bewildering maze of her duties, leaving him conscious of the burning scrutiny of a pair of disapproving eyes that from a position near the entrance kept silent watch over the crowd. Each evening old Chief Wetumka took his post there, blanket-clad, as immovable and stoical as bronze, as sharp-eyed as an eagle. The old chief did not approve of the ways of the young whites; his daughter was lovely; young men would admire her and endeavor to win her. The old chief was there to see that none succeeded. Eighteen years before he had taken Kate from the ruins of a tornado-wrecked home, and had endeavored faithfully to fill the place of her unfortunate parents. Firm in his belief in the superiority of the red men's ideals, he had taught her the traditions which for generations have formed the characters of Indian princesses.

"But why is she working here if the old chief owns oil land worth a half million as I hear he does?" Danny asked his friend and admirer, Thrifty Collins.

"Why that," replied Thrifty with the assurance that a year in the oil country had given him, "is because we whites love the noble red man. Let him be tarnished by the deceitfulness of riches? Not us. We appoint a guardian to see that his half-million ain't squandered on beaded moccasins. Then some day we'll start a row in court and divide the half-million among ourselves. Why is the princess with the come-again eyes slinging hash? Why for the same reason that Danny Phelan's poundin' asphalt. It's her way of getting legal tender."

"It ain't right," declared Danny. "She hadn't ought to be mixin' with the riff-raff here. Not that she don't hold her own, but it ain't right."

"I see," commented Thrifty wisely. "And I agree you've got good taste. But you ain't got a chance. The old chief's got her trained against any cooing noises a cop might make."

"Then me or the chief is going to be badly disappointed," asserted Danny doggedly.

And this was the status of Danny's affair when it became known in headquarters that a scheme had been concocted to defraud the old chief and a number of his unsuspecting tribesmen of oil land valued at a million or so of dollars. Then it was that Danny declared that if no other power could stop the graft he would do it himself. A rash statement. For Sam Garber was not a man to countenance opposition, and policemen who valued their jobs kept discreetly quiet about his shady transactions.

The plot to defraud old Wetumka and his kinsmen was a rank betrayal of trust. In the oil country it is customary to appoint guardians for oil-rich Indians on the supposition that the red men are too lacking in experience to handle their affairs. Garber, in addition to his political activities, was guardian for his full quota of Creeks, including Wetumka, and he dictated to the guardians of many more. With characteristic cunning he had managed to retard the development of the oil leases on the land owned by his wards.

"Trade 'em out of the land before they learn its real value," he argued.

Garber had spent years among the Creeks. He knew that a prominent trait of every old full-blood is an atavistic longing for the ancient tribal freedom and customs. He now offered them these in exchange for their oil land. Ostensibly there had come from Arizona a trader offering the Creeks a tract of land miles long and miles wide far removed from the nearest white settlement. There the old Creeks might live in peaceful seclusion far from the turbulent activities of the white men. Barber, after pretending to make a close investigation, approved the trade and had secured permission of the court to make it.

But in headquarters it had become known that this Arizona land was merely a generous portion of the Great American Desert, utterly worthless and uninhabitable. And with this information Danny went to Attorney Alex Gordon, the most bitter opponent of local political corruption.

"It's Garber's master-stroke," the attorney declared rather warmly for a professional man. "I've known for weeks that he had something up his sleeve. He's playing on the sentiments of these unsuspecting old Indians to trade them a pile of sand for two thousand acres of the best oil land in Oklahoma. But I can't stop it! You can't stop it! There's nothing illegal about men trading horses or jack knives, or land even, if one of them does get skinned in the transaction. Even if there were anything we could do it's too late now to start it. The papers are in the city clerk's office except a few titles they're running down, and they'll close the deal in a very few days. Sorry, Danny."

Danny hurried back to headquarters.

"Tell me, Sam," he demanded, "Is it the duty

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A frenzied little creature pleaded and shouted: "Oh, Danny! Danny!"

or is it not the duty of a policeman to protect the interests of the weak?"

"Nobody but a fool Irishman would ask that question," replied Sam. "But what you're a talkin' about is out of our line entirely. The courts handle that stuff."

"And best legal authority in town just told me they can't get hold of it!" Danny cried.

"That ain't our look-out," growled Sam. "We ain't no right to go buttin' into any man's business."

"Say, ain't I wearin' the badge and uniform of a cop?" Danny demanded. "Am I goin' to turn my back on a graft like that just because nobody tells me to stop it? Bah! Right's right and wrong's wrong; and the Divil take the technicalities!"

"Easy, Danny, easy," cautioned the chief. "A

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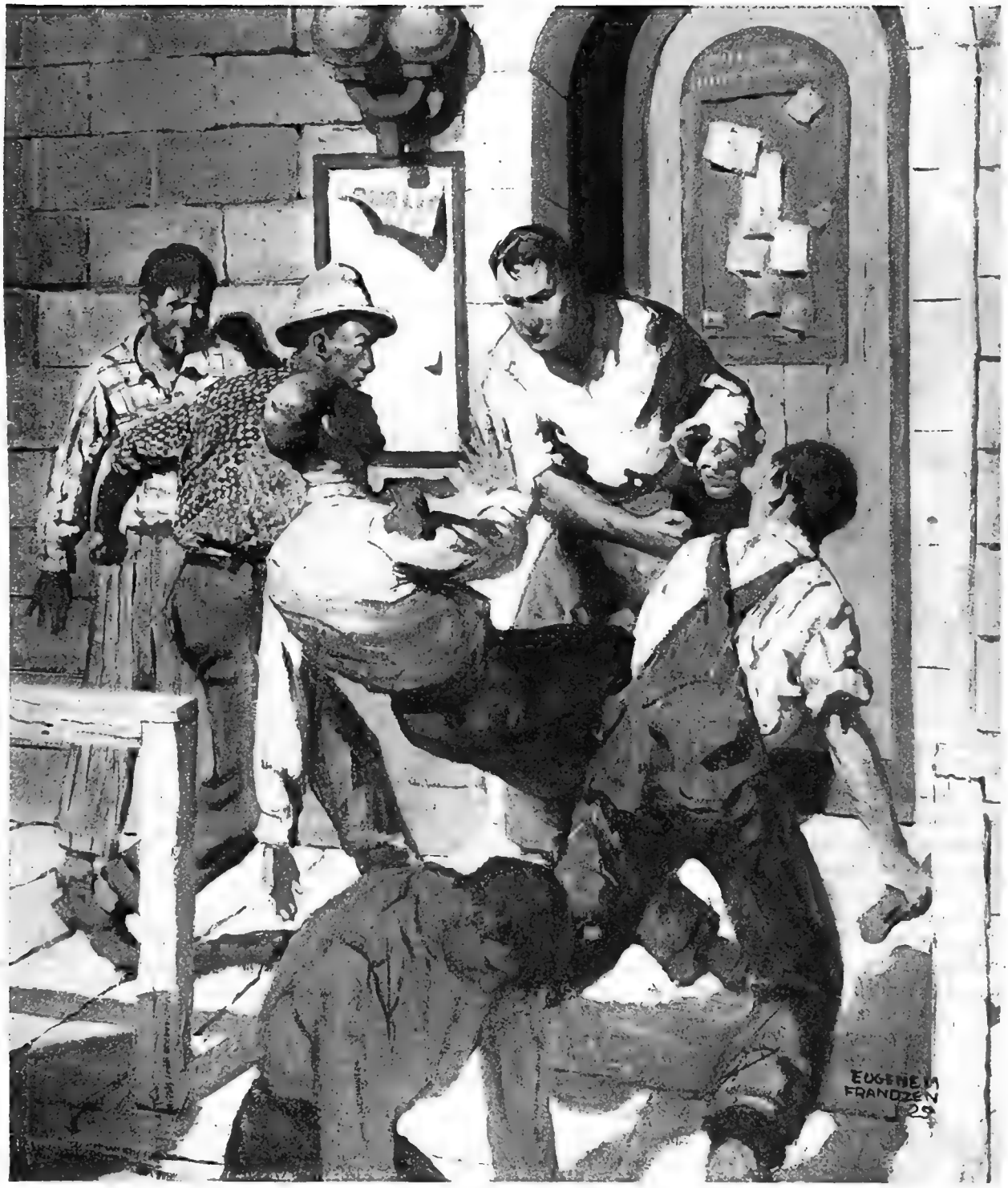

He fought with the madness and strength of a jungle beast.

cop's got to have authority. We only enforce the laws; we don't make 'em. Personally I'd like to run that Garber bunch out of the state. But let me drop you a hint. The gang that's a runnin' this town ain't a goin' to stand for too much comment on their doings. And we're workin' for a livin'—you and me. Whenever you mix it with Garber you're as good as fired. Get me—lay off'n him."

"Sam," declared Danny savagely, "the only girl I'll ever want to ask to become Missis Phelan has been raised by old Wetumka. If he goes to Arizona she'll go with him. And I don't propose to see her livin' in no wigwam among the Arizona tarantulas. If Uncle Sam and the Naylor police can't enforce justice, I'll do it myself, and to hell with the red tape."

(*Continued on page* 42)

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As he lurched into the room the lights went out with a click.

Dorothy's

By GUY FOWLER

Illustrated by CHARLES DURANT

A Night in the Half World

¶Which Is Really More Than Half, Because So Much of It Is Beneath the Surface

WHEN young Bill Taylor returned from college with a degree, a love affair and a great recklessness, there was considerable laughter because he chose, of all occupations, that of a patrolman. But as he became a good patrolman—almost as good as old Bill Taylor, his father, had been before him—the laughter died down until there wasn't even an echo. And then Bill the Second became a detective, which was what he had wanted to be as long as he could remember.

It was Bill's first night on the "dog watch" at headquarters. The "dog watch" is just another name for night duty. He was idling in the office, wishing that anything would happen and thinking a great deal about Dorothy Devine, remembering how she looked at the senior "prom". And while he was reflecting along this line, something else was going on not so far away. . . .

Of the three men seated at the stained table in the smelly back room of what had been a saloon, only one seemed not to belong there. The others wore cheap, ill-fitting clothes and while their language was not choice, give them credit—they were direct.

"Wat's in it fer us if we pull dis job fer youse?" rasped one of this pair.

"Yeah," the other nodded; "wat's our graft?"

"I thought that was all explained," replied the third man, a little disgustedly. "I said we would split three ways."

"Can d' high hat," snapped the first speaker. "Youse kin wear it uptown wit d' swells, Gyp. We know yuh. We're friends, ain't we?" he added eagerly.

"Soitenly, we're friends," interrupted the second man. "D' idea is, Gyp, we like t' have it straight, see. We're doin' all d' doity woik in d' deal, ain't we?"

The third man smiled, looked casually at his manicured nails and drew out a frosted silver cigaret case. Carefully tapping his cigaret on the back of his hand, he shoved the case toward the men opposite.

"The dirty work is all done," he remarked, lighting the cigaret. "I sent for you to take care of the details. I have won the girl's confidence. I'm in right with the family. All that's necessary now is the stick-up. I'm working with you on that—but I'm under cover."

"Do dey know you're from New Yoik?" questioned "Spot" Clancey, the smaller man with the ragged scar on his cheek.

"Have I ever been a damned fool?" was the quick reply, in a hardened tone.

"Where do youse hang out, accordin' to d' dope?" inquired "Dopey" Martin, who was so nicknamed because he sold the stuff rather than because he was an addict.

"Boston."

"Gyp McKay, of Boston, eh?" grinned Clancey.

"Mister James McCray, of Boston," came the answer coldly, emphasizing the title.

A raucous laugh from the two across the table.

McKay shot his cigaret to the floor and fingered his soft, tan felt hat, eyeing the silk band of subtlely blended colors. His light brown suit of rough material was perfect. Likewise his light brown moustache, his facial massage and the polish on his handsome brogans. Taking him all in all, he was the masterpiece and his companions were the other side of the canvas.

Perhaps you've noticed that comparison in events of your own observing. The other side of the masterpiece is always just a strip of dirty, daubed canvas. The original manuscript of a great book is usually a horrible looking thing, finger marked and marred by the author. They

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Defiance

say that some of the loveliest music scores were scrawled on the backs of soiled menus. Well, McKay was the finished product—the thing that crookdom admires and despises—envies and tries to mimic.

He rose and looked down at the two men opposite him.

"Well," he spoke softly, "do we go three ways—or do I go—one?"

"Jes's, what's d' hurry, Gyp?" growled Martin. "Give us time."

McKay smiled briefly.

"This doesn't require such mental agitation," he said. "I'm offering you a good bit. Take it or leave it."

"An' what if we don't like it?" asked Martin. "What if we squeal?"

The man lowered his close-set eyes as he spoke.

"She fought like a little wild-cat."

"Why, I'll answer your questions as you put them," replied McKay slowly. He leaned down and rested the palms of his hands flat on the table.

"If you don't like the job, Dopey, don't take it on. And if I go ahead with it—and you squeal—why, I'd kill you, of course." He straightened with a shrug and hung his stick over his arm.

"All right, Gyp," Martin spoke quietly. "We'll go in."

While this conference was in progress (business of all kinds being transacted in conference nowadays), there was another meeting going on uptown. To be exact, it was in the library of the home of Robert Devine and the principals were old Devine and his daughter, Dorothy.

"I wouldn't say a word, Dot, if it were one or two nights a week," Devine was remarking, from the depths of his big, underslung chair. "But confound it, you're making it every night all night. It's getting so I have to look twice to recognize you."

"What do you expect me to do—crochet?" asked his daughter, tossing as pretty a head

(*Continued on page* 52)

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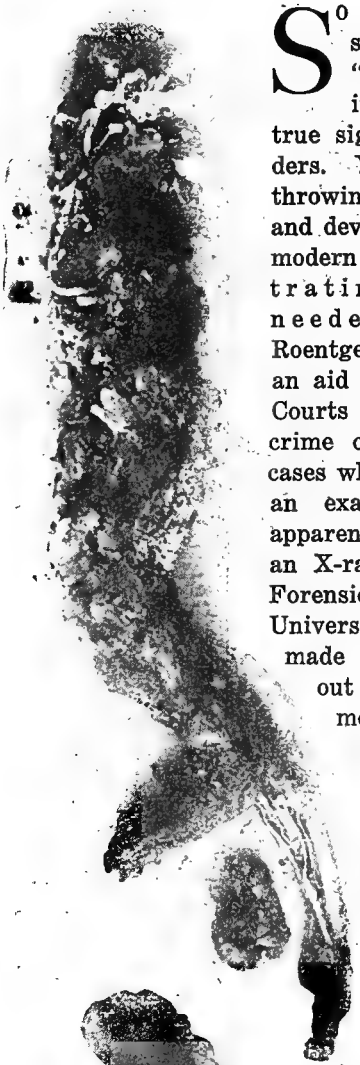
An X-ray of pure flour

An All-Seeing

Science Lends New Aid to Criminology

So synonymous with "all-seeing" has the word "X-Ray" become that it has almost lost the true significance of its wonders. Yet where, if not for throwing light into the dark and devious torturings of the modern criminal is its penetrating ray more truly needed? Until recently Roentgen rays were used as an aid to the Police and the Courts in the detection of crime only in those special cases where the value of such an examination was quite apparent. The addition of an X-ray department to the Forensic Institute of the University of Berlin, first made it possible to carry out these practical and most important examination in a systematic fashion. The piercing ray is used to find the hidden smuggled jewel. It shows the real from the imitation gem. It detects the introduction of the spurious foreign matter to increase the weight of crooked merchants' goods. It shows up flaws in metal castings which endanger human life. It reveals the bones of bodies which the killer thought destroyed. It can make identification when all other means have failed. It can show the path of bullets though the missils may have glanced and turned, or even passed clear through the body. It can even show from a fracture the direction of a blow. Even to list the multitudinous uses to which the excellent equipment installed has been put would require infinitely more space than is here available.



Above: A body charred beyond all hope of identification by ordinary methods

In theft and smuggling, for example, the object of the criminal is to prevent the discovery of the stolen goods. He seeks to achieve this by hiding them in or between other articles in which no spaces or interstices are suspected. Under certain conditions in a case like this, an X-ray examination will locate everything in a very short time, although one cannot always expect complete success. Every Roentgen plate is a shadow picture. Just as certain materials, such as glass, are transparent to light and cast no shadow, there are substances which are penetrated by X-rays as well as others that are not. In general, heavy substances are not penetrated by Roentgen rays; on the other hand, light substances throw practically no shadow. From this it follows that the use of X-ray examinations in this connection is limited even though it is not difficult to detect false bottoms in trunks, etc., or to discover unusual articles in them.

An X-ray is often far superior to all other methods in the detection of the imitation and falsification of gems. It is of prime importance to determine whether or not questionable diamonds and pearls are genuine. Genuine diamonds are composed of pure crystallized carbon, a fairly light chemical element. They are therefore quite transparent to X-rays and it is evident that they will cast but a light shadow. Imitation diamonds, however, are made of glass loaded with lead salts to increase their lustre, and are considerably heavier. They cast an intense shadow when examined by Roentgen rays. Exactly the reverse is true of pearls. Real pearls are solid, compact spheres while imitations are hollow glass beads which are coated with a special lacquer. The hollow sphere has less mass to oppose to the Roentgen rays, and as one would expect,

The ordinary camera discloses only clinkers from a furnace

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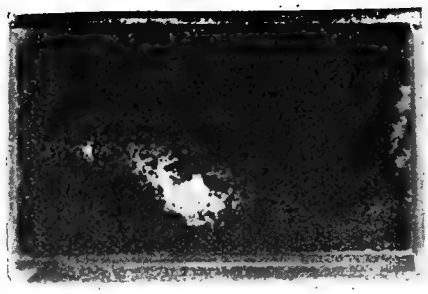
Foe to Crime

By Dr. GUSTAV BUCKY

Illustrated with Exclusive Photographs



Flour mixed with Barium

casts a light shadow while the real pearl casts a shadow that is decidedly darker.

It is less well known that X-rays change the colors of semi-precious stones such as amethysts, aquamarines, rubies, etc. In fact these stones can be almost decolorized by the action of the rays. Since yellow diamonds are very valuable, it is possible, for example, that an aquamarine might be so greatly decolorized as to resemble a rare variety of diamond.

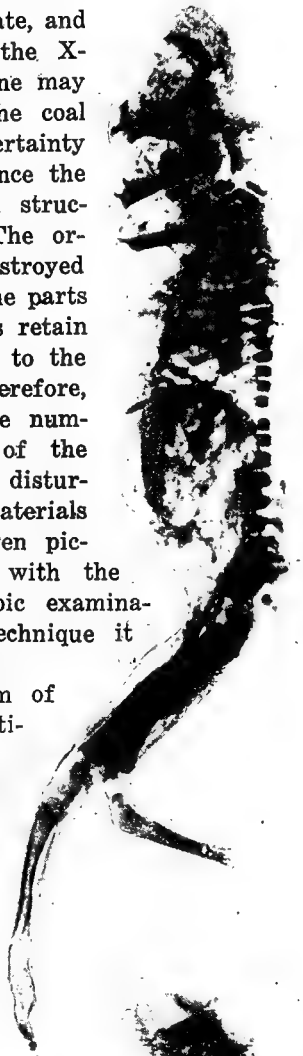
The successful examination of oil paintings and manuscripts by X-rays as was reported by the newspapers is impracticable, because the materials that would come into question in such an investigation are too nearly equal in their weight to yield conclusive results.

On the contrary it is easy to detect in every case the addition of substances to increase the weight of commodities such as silk and flour. The X-ray pictures of such materials show a characteristic shadow since the materials used for increasing the weight are heavy and so less easily penetrated by the rays. Examination by this method has the further advantage that it is unnecessary to harm or damage the materials in any way, and in doubtful cases this may be of importance.

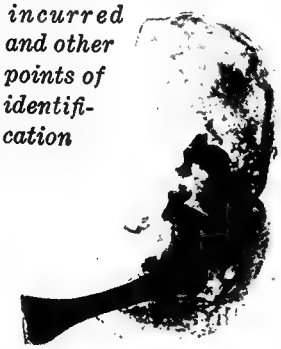
Steel or iron castings often contain flaws due to the presence in them of an air bubble. This can materially decrease the strength of the metal, and is especially true in beams, shafts and motor cylinders. Such flaws can be seen by a harmless Roentgen examination and severe accidents may be prevented by thus weeding out the imperfect castings. A Roentgen photograph of an infernal machine which is in the possession of the Berlin Police Headquarters is very interesting. The construction of the machine was plainly visible on the Roentgen picture, thus obviating the dangerous task of taking it apart.

Criminal mothers seek to destroy the bodies of their murdered children by burning them in the furnace. The same means are often resorted to by other slayers. To properly examine for the charred remnants which are mixed with the ashes of the coal, always takes considerable time. I have made this identification much simpler by placing the entire contents of the furnace on a photographic plate, and then exposing them to the X-rays. The pieces of bone may be distinguished from the coal ashes with the utmost certainty and the greatest ease, since the bone retains its original structure even if calcined. The organic substances are destroyed during this burning but the parts composed of calcium salts retain their original shape even to the finest detail. It is, therefore, possible to determine the number, shape and origin of the bony pieces without any disturbance of the examined materials by means of the Roentgen picture. This does away with the necessity of a microscopic examination with the difficult technique it involves.

Not rarely the problem of finding clues for the identification of unknown corpses has confronted me. The mass-murderer, Grossmann, in Berlin gave us much work since he killed a great number of women and hacked them into pieces so skilfully that their iden-



Above: X-ray detects age, disease or injury incurred and other points of identification



The X-ray shows the "clinkers" to be charred human remains

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Real and imitation pearls beneath the Roentgen Ray

tification was attended with the greatest difficulties. In general, one can determine the age by the appearance of the bones in an X-ray picture. But it can only be definitely shown whether we are dealing with a very young person or with an adult by observing whether or not the epiphyseal lines are ossified. In addition, however, the changes resulting from disease and injuries can be detected. And so I was able to discover an old bone injury in the finger of one of Grossmann's victims which would otherwise have escaped the notice of the physician who performed the autopsies. Another time I found an abscess inside the jaw bone which must have caused the person considerable pain while alive. This proved to be a clue that was of utmost importance to the police in identifying the body. Likewise, other results of disease such as pleural adhesions and the presence of foreign bodies, bullets, etc., may be of great value in identification. These identifying marks are easily overlooked even in a very careful autopsy.

Roentgen rays have also been used in the identification of living persons, especially in the cases of criminals for the Rogues' Gallery. The well known finger prints can also be produced by means of Roentgen rays if salves containing heavy materials (salts of metals, etc.) are rubbed into the creases of the skin, and a Roentgen photograph made of the fingers. The finger markings show up as sharp lines on the picture. This method has no special significance since the ordinary finger printing method is simpler and much cheaper. It has one advantage, however, since the bone is made visible at the same time, and the relations of it to the finger markings can be ascertained. I have made use of Roentgen plates of bones for purposes of identification in so far as I had determined the length and breadth of the digital bones as to their being characteristic to that particular person. In all events this method requires a considerable amount of time and energy.

In order to escape the penitentiary, many sentenced criminals have recourse to methods which will permit them to escape jail, or to be placed in the much more preferred hospital attached to the jail. They swallow foreign bodies or insert them into other body cavities. Since most of these foreign bodies are made of metal, the verification of their presence is usually quite easily established by means of Roentgen rays. Malingering, taking the form of constrained bodily attitudes, can nearly always be cleared up by Roentgen examinations, since in most cases of real illnesses typical deformities of the bones can be demonstrated. This is especially true of the vertebrae whose ligaments and attachments may be completely ossified in a definite disease. Of special interest was the case of a driver of a motorcycle. Changes in the shape of the vertebrae due to his continuously bent position, coupled with the severe jolts received by his body, manifested themselves.

It would have been impossible to find out the cause of his troubles in any other way. It is just as interesting and important to know that the cause of intermittent claudication may be due to calcification of the arteries of the thigh, which condition again can also be demonstrated only by the use of X-rays. The cause of the sudden lameness of soldiers during a forced march was also cleared up by means of Roentgen rays. Other methods showed only a slight swelling on the sole of the foot in many cases, and this swelling soon disappeared, giving the impression that the soldier was malingering. The Roentgen picture, however, showed an undoubted fracture of one of the metatarsal bones.

Revolver and rifle bullets are usually the causative agent in deaths from accidents and murders. We have to consider not only rifle bullets but also shot. In general, more important information will be gathered from cases in which projectiles remain in the body. In cases where the projectile has passed in and out again methods of examination must be used that will be described later under the

A bullet which defied detection of the Coroner's physician for hours located instantly by X-ray

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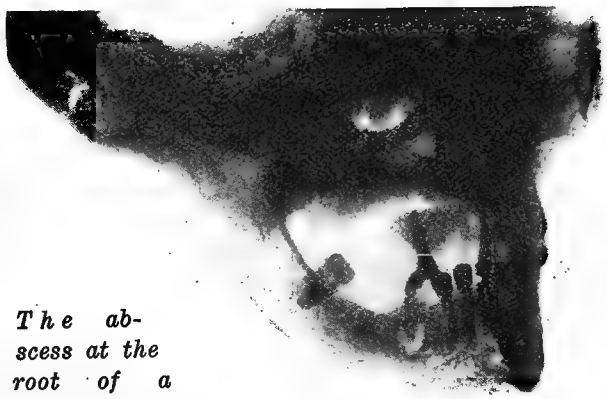
heading of stab wounds. The most important question that usually arises is as to whether or not there is a projectile in the body, and if so, where it is located. It was always difficult and almost always impossible to determine by mere inspection of the corpse how many shots had found their way into it, or whether they had remained in the body or passed through. I recall one case especially, in which the skin was pierced in three different places by a single bullet, due to the abnormal position of the victim as the shot was fired. The physician who performed the autopsy thought that the wounds were caused by two shots, one that had remained in the body, and one that had passed through. But the X-ray examination showed that no projectile remained in the body, and with this knowledge we finally arrived at the correct conclusion. The third hole was caused by the bullet grazing the arm as it emerged. In another case, a policeman was shot in the neck, and the physician doing the autopsy had looked in vain for the bullet for several hours. An X-ray examination showed it to be lodged in the vertebral canal. Frequently a shot would be found far from the point of entry in a place where one did not expect to find it.

Much time is saved through an X-ray examination, since a line joining the point of entry and the location of the projectile in the body would not only demonstrate the course of the bullet but would also yield important information as to the proper performance of the autopsy. The decision as to whether the gun shot wound was fatal or not is closely bound up with the foregoing, since the presence of a vital organ in the path of the shot can easily be determined. This information is important in making the incisions for the autopsy, and focuses the attention of the physician on those organs through which the shot must have passed.

The importance of an X-ray examination is beautifully illustrated by the following case: A corpse buried in the ground was found by mere chance in the vicinity of Berlin. From its condition it was deduced that it must have lain under the earth for about two years. A survey of the police records showed that a man who had had trouble with his wife had disappeared at that time, but that there had been no proof of a crime. The identity of the corpse with that man was established by bed covers and pieces of clothing, and the next step was to show that the victim had been shot to death. An ordinary autopsy on the remains, in view of the state they were in, was impossible, so that the coroner had proposed macerating them in the hope of finding any bullets that might be present. That meant that he would have destroyed the whole corpus delicti as far as further examinations were concerned, in the hope of proving that the man had been murdered by shooting. Had he done this it would still have been impossible to prove that the shot had been fatal. Every one who has had experience in such cases knows the importance of these questions. I made an X-ray examination, and found numerous small shot lodged in the region of the neck and chest. This answered the first question as to whether he had been shot; but since one of the shots was found posterior to the arch of a cervical vertebra, and this vertebra was not crushed, the direction from which the shot had been fired was proven at the same time by the examination. The culprit, who proved to be the paramour of the murdered man's wife, was told point blank that he had fired the shot from the side and behind, and was led to confess by this exact evidence. The distribution of the charge of shot led to the assumption which was absolutely justified, that important blood vessels had been severed and that the victim had bled to death. An exact solution of this case would have been impossible without a Roentgen examination, particularly because of the advanced decomposition of the body.

Of course, one glance at the Roentgen plate will suffice to identify the type of projectile, and in general this is regarded as evidence of prime importance. Still a great many projectiles may become greatly deformed by contact with bones or other hard substances. In fact they may even assume an altogether irregular shape under certain conditions. This may lead to the error of confusing other foreign bodies in the corpse with

(*Continued on page* 64)



The abscess at the root of a tooth here disclosed, clinched the identification of the murder victim

In the scarf pin and in the ring are "diamonds." Which is real and which the fraud?

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The Two-

LOYALTY and HATRED Join Forces in Achieving RETRIBUTION and REVENGE

GIOVANNI

Part II

THE triple murder in Little Italy caused an uproar in the quarter, commotion in police circles and a stir in the newspapers. Every man the police department could spare was put on the hunt for Nero Gilio. But there was no photograph available of the man; only the mental pictures retained by those who saw him when the martyred policeman had brought him to the station house.

Pitted against the police in the hunt was an organization in which Nero was a power. In the seething labyrinth of Italian colonies of New York alone a dozen Neros could be hidden effectively from the police, given his organization of plotters to help him.

Of course there was no one place where he hid. He shaved his mustache and clipped short his hair. A provision wagon covered with tarpaulin took him to a hiding place in Fall River, where he grew a little beard and let his hair grow long and stay unkempt. In place of his prosperous garb he put on the clothing of a laborer. Then he ventured into the street. But in his pocket he kept his hand on a squat revolver. And wherever he went there went ahead of him and behind sharp-eyed lieutenants.

His success in the open at Fall River encouraged him to try it in Boston. Here too he was unmolested; though he did not as yet take any undue chances.

Scouts in New York reported to him the progress of the hunt for him; reports which gave Nero still more confidence. A certain zest for the game fired him. It gave him a thrill to feel that he could literally "get away with murder" in New York as he had been able to do in Italy.

Emboldened he ventured nearer New York. He looked so different from the former Nero Gilio, this "Salvatore Rossi," who hid behind his short beard and worker's clothes, that his own band had to depend on their secret sign before he was recognized.

Meanwhile the Italian correspondent of a Naples daily saw that the murdered youth and girl in the Gilio affair, as well as Gilio himself, hailed from Amalfi. Which made it a good story to send to his newspaper. It was a brief account, telling only the names and the suspected story. Gilio had enticed Maria to his rooms where Tomasso had followed him. Before the latter could use his clasp knife Gilio had shot him dead. When presumably the girl had thrown herself on the murderer in an access of hysteric rage he killed her too. Then came the third victim, the policeman.

The Naples newspaper printed the story as sent by its correspondent. The schoolmaster at Amalfi was a subscriber. And a quarter of an hour after the paper arrived in Amalfi the whole town was chattering about it.

All but Giovanni Erico, who was still up in the hills getting ready to drive his herd down for the evening's distribution of milk. He had grown careless of late in his attention to the

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Fold Feud

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

Illustrated by H. WINFIELD SCOTT

Giovanni and Tomasso Erico were brothers. The younger, Tomasso, was in love with the beautiful little Maria Sanzzo. Maria was also desired by Nero Gilio, powerful leader of a gang of gunmen, throughout the United States and Italy. Tomasso, because of Nero's hatred, is finally persuaded by Giovanni to take Maria and flee to America. Nero follows. Through Nero's activities Tomasso is unable to find work. He falls ill and Maria becomes desperate. Nero—always shadowing her—offers Maria food and medicine for Tomasso, if she will come to him. Hopeless and penniless, Maria promises. Tomasso suspects and follows her. The perturbed girl, followed by the frantic young Italian, attracts the attention of Patrolman Tim Meehan and he decides to investigate. He sees them enter an Italian tenement. For a few moments he hesitates, then creeps in stealthily. From a room on the third floor he hears a scuffle, a woman's scream and a shot. Then another scream, a second shot and all is still. Meehan dashes into the room; two figures are stretched upon the floor, a girl and a boy. There is a third flash and Meehan drops. With his last bit of strength he takes out his police whistle and blows it. Patrolman Pat Mayo, Tim's best friend, responds to the call and finding Tim dead vows to "get" the murderer.

PAT

flock, leaving most of it to a rather stupid boy who had taken Tomasso's place.

That evening as Giovanni followed his flock down to the town his thoughts were even more vividly than usual on Tomasso and Maria, with Nero hovering as a sinister background. He had not heard from his brother for so long now that his thoughts were darkened with presentiment of trouble.

He emerged from the stone arch into the town street and at once sensed something unusual in the groupings of the people in the doorways. Instead of waiting for him to come to them several women and men, with the priest at their head, a sombre figure in his long black frock, all went forward to meet him. From the face of the priest and the wringing hands of the women, Giovanni read misfortune. The women filled the air with wailing but left it for the priest to speak.

"My son," he said laying his hand on Giovanni's shoulder. "You must be brave and strong for I have sad news for you."

He stopped to wait for Giovanni's gathering strength to meet what was coming. The goatherd's bronzed face took on a deadly pallor. But his eyes glittered.

"I think I know—what you wish to tell me!" he said, his breath coming quickly. "It's about Tomasso!"

The priest bowed his head. "Yes—and Maria. Nero—did it!"

The women and even the priest expected a characteristic Italian outburst of passion and lust for revenge. But aside from the glitter in his eyes Giovanni seemed unmoved at the announcement. He stood rigidly holding himself in; as if already saving himself for much more important things than mere emotion. He tried to speak; but his mouth was dry. Finally he managed to ask,

"And Nero—he lives?"

The priest slowly nodded. "He is a fugitive from justice, my son. The police seek him for the murder of your brother and Maria—also for that of a policeman who sought to save them and whom he slew. He has much to answer for, Nero!"

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For the first time Giovanni looked squarly at the priest.

"Yes, father, he has much to answer for," he said slowly.

Then he turned to his fellow townsmen.

"If any one wants to buy my flock and my hut and a good bit of grape and bean patch," he called out in a high strained voice, "and will buy it at once, I will sell them at half their worth."

The priest's face grew more troubled.

"What do you intend to do, my son?" he asked in a low tone. "Hasn't there been enough blood shed already? Can't you leave justice and the police of America to take care of Nero?"

Giovanni disconcerted the priest with his simple answer.

"I want to help them find him."

The cheese maker of the town that evening bought Giovanni's flock, hut and bit of ground. Next morning before even the early Italian dawn Giovanni was off for Naples with only a pack on his back. For three days he wandered the streets of the city waiting for his boat to sail. But he waited patiently. He wasted no emotion on mere delay.

Then came the eternity of the voyage.

This was in the days when a poor Italian could still come into America provided he showed the Italian's strong hands and body and power to toil. It was also before the late Joseph Petrosino organized his Italian squad for its effective police work in New York's Italian section.

Giovanni was admitted into the country. He drifted through its unfamiliar turmoil of roaring railroads overhead and underground, and its streets brawling with traffic. He wandered in and out of its mazes as little concerned with it all as though he had lived in their midst all of his simple life. For his was the burning absorption in a single thing that makes martyrs walk into fire itself with the steadfastness of one going to a glad meeting.

He found work in Little Italy; because of his brawny chest and strong arms; and because neither Nero nor anyone of his band knew that he was in America.

During the day Giovanni worked hard with the sweat pouring down into his eyes. But he kept those eyes open; always looking but for one face. Evenings the simple mind pondered ways of finding Nero. Also he pondered the unfamiliar aspect of a foreign tongue. He realized that he would have to hunt not only with his hate, but also with his head. To hunt Nero in America he must learn its language. So he struggled with the unfamiliar study; and only the passion in his heart could have overcome as he did the limitations of his peasant mind. But that passion disciplined his mind and gave him cunning and wile such as he had never had.

A short, fierce fight . . .

There gradually grew up in him a desperate plan. He had learned enough English to understand it and to speak it at need. But he still pretended ignorance of the language. Then he began to frequent the most suspected drinking places in Little Italy; and became sociable.

He grew affable with strangers and generous with the little money he earned. Gradually he acquired a drinking acquaintance with some rather dangerous looking men. In his cups—or as it appeared to his new acquaintances—Giovanni hinted of a bold career "back in Sicily," a career that had made it advisable for him to change his place of abode. He told just enough to give the imagination something to engage it; but kept back more even when apparently drunk.

"Who were your companions?" asked a squat surly Italian one evening.

Giovanni threw out his arms impatiently.

"Some men do best when they work alone!" he bragged. "I am such a man. I have done things

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Giovanni, overcome by numbers, was forced struggling into the patrol-wagon.

alone it would take a little band of three to bring about. For instance—"

His hearers leaned forward eagerly. But as though some instinct of precaution had penetrated the fumes in his head, Giovanni brought himself up short and shut his mouth.

"But you're a fool!" the squat man said in a low tone. "No matter how good a man you may be you cannot do anywhere near so much as with a band of comrades, a band that has its men everywhere, on both sides of the sea, in every street, and money and secret hiding places and ways of keeping in touch with every one of its band! That's the way to be!"

His eyes scrutinized Giovanni keenly but with incipient hospitality. Giovanni's drunken air faded and a speculative look came into his eyes.

"Do you know, *amigo mio*, in my heart of late I have had to agree with that thought," he said softly. "One has to divide up what one—makes. But also one makes more; and one gets what one's comrades divide with him too," he mused. "But, no, I don't think I can pull well in harness. I have been wild like a mountain goat too long."

Thus with his simple strategy that had all the sincerity of a steadfast purpose behind it Giovanni made these strangers think him a good man for their purposes; and his reluctance to join them made them the more certain he was a good man for them to acquire.

Nor was his wile confined to his actions. He had grown a heavy mustache that changed the aspect of his face surprisingly. Somewhere he got the inspiration to affect a limp in his walk until it became almost second nature for him who was as fleet as one of his goats, to walk as if he were a bit lame. The two disguises, together with American clothes instead of the picturesque rags he wore in Amalfi, rendered him unrecognizable. Little by little he instilled confidence in his drinking companions.

Finally one night the squat stranger proposed

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a bit of cooperative extortion of money from a well-to-do Italian restaurant keeper who had a little six-year-old daughter he loved more dearly than his life.

"If you will 'borrow' the kid for a couple of days we can divide up $10,000, return the kid and the father will be only too glad to get her back and not incur the enmity of our band." The man proposed to Giovanni.

"Our band?" softly repeated Giovanni. "Am I in a band?"

"Not yet," the stranger replied in a low tone. "But if you show how good a man you are in this case you may be admitted. It's a band that will give you comrades in Italy as well as in America. We have—but what do you say?"

Giovanni drew a long breath.

"You give me the hard end of the job and the dangerous one," he said.

"That is to find out whether you are worthy of our confidence."

The young Italian nodded.

"I have never been afraid of danger," he said at last.

The others rose. "Good!" softly cried the squat man, who seemed leader of the group who had been studying Giovanni. "Come along to my room and we'll talk things over."

Next morning Giovanni went to early mass in a little church outside the Italian quarter. Eyes unseen by him followed him. But he knew they were there. There was nothing apparently amiss however in a man saying his prayers; provided he did not stay for confession, as Giovanni did not stay. So the eyes abandoned their vigil over Giovanni. And thereby they missed his whisper to a priest who passed him as he kneeled in prayer.

That afternoon the priest let himself into Giovanni's room and waited there till Giovanni came home from work. There with windows and doors tightly closed Giovanni unfolded the plot to kidnap the child of the restaurant keeper.

"But, Father, the man must let his plot go through," the young man said with passionate earnestness. "I am the one to steal the child and I will guard it with my life. Then when it comes to the ransom let him pay it. I will gladly give him back my share. The rest will be money the city must pay for my admission to the band. For by this job I will surely gain admittance. Once inside I will be worth much more—oh, so much more than the money my admission will cost. For surely the city, so rich, the richest in the world, will be willing to pay back the restaurant keeper a few thousand dollars, if in the end I can help it break up this so desperate band which has perhaps murdered my brother and his wife and a policeman and so many others!"

The priest pondered.

"It's a dangerous business, my son!" he said at last. "But I will speak to the police."

Next day the priest again stole into Giovanni's room and waited till he returned from the ditch digging which Giovanni told his new friends he kept up only as an effective disguise.

"My son," the priest said, "The police do not want to commit themselves to the plan until they have a chance to study you. So after work today you are to step into a drinking place and pretend to get very drunk. Then you are to pass a certain place I shall indicate where there will be a policeman on the lookout for you. He is the friend and partner of the man Nero Gilio killed. You are to become apparently very unruly. He will arrest you. You are to put up a struggle and he will pretend to be having a hard time and will call a patrol-wagon. You will be taken to the station house and kept overnight in a cell. In that cell several men will talk to you. In the morning you will be arraigned in court and fined for drunkenness. You will not pay the fine but you will serve a few days in prison and then be let free. Thus no one will suspect you."

"I will do it!"

Patrolman Pat Mayo and Giovanni staged their little comedy very well indeed; too well almost. For some of the sharp eyes that followed Giovanni during this period of his probation witnessed the little play. There was a fierce whispered debate while Giovanni was putting up what appeared to be an excellent fight.

"Shall we shoot the cop?" one whispered. "We need that new man!"

"Cursed fool!" the squat man snarled. "Do you make a blood matter out of a drunken brawl? He will get at most a few days in jail. Whereas if we start shooting—there comes the patrol-wagon!"

Giovanni went to the station in the patrol-wagon and spent the night in an isolated cell—in consultation with several detectives. And one policeman in plain clothes.

For Patrolman Mayo had gone to his chiefs pleading:

"Give me a chance at the Gilio case, gentlemen! He killed my friend and partner. I've spent days and nights thinking about it until I think I'll go off my head altogether if I can't do a little something to help run him down. I've done patrol duty in the Bend till I know almost man, woman, child and dog in the quarter. Give me a chance in plain clothes and I think I'll prove it worth your while!"

So Patrolman Pat Mayo sat in at the all-night conference with Giovanni. Then he went to work.

Giovanni was arraigned in court and feigning ignorance of the language was sentenced to pay a fine. He said he did not have the money.

(*Continued on page* 61)

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What's Behind the Bars?

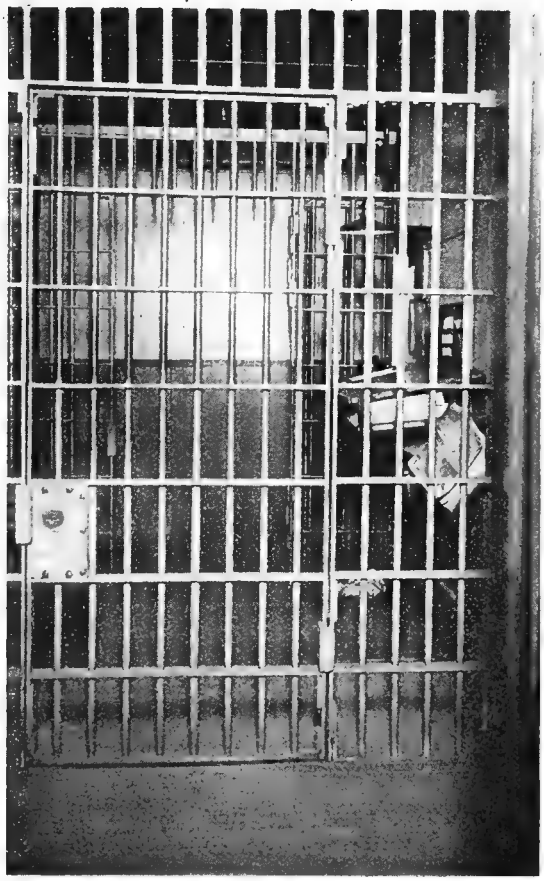
By AMOS SQUIRE

For Twenty-five Years a Close Student of Prison Conditions

Most of the speeches made and articles written on the subject of criminals and particularly the handling thereof after they have reached the prison are by those who have either never visited a prison or else spent only a few hours in the study of the question. I am reminded of a lady, a teacher in one of our women's colleges, who recently visited Sing Sing Prison. She was interested in social problems, and after spending about forty-five minutes in going through the institution she was about to leave when I met her.

"Doctor," she briskly announced, "I think I understand all the problems in the handling of the criminal."

"Madam," I could not help but answer, "you have done well to acquire that knowledge in forty-five minutes, as I have been here and interested in its study for a good many years and I must admit there is much we do not understand."



For about twenty - five years I have lived within a short distance of Sing Sing Prison, and about that long ago was Acting Prison Physician when the regular physician was in Europe. I am familiar with the old system of prison discipline, lock-step, stripes, short hair, facing the wall when visitors passed, physical punishment—the days when men were not allowed to speak and, if they did, would be placed in the "cooler" or dark cell for days on bread and a gill of water three times a day, solitary confinement, being locked up Saturday afternoon, Sunday, and holidays, in a dark, unsani ary cell, lack of recreation, and a large number of men going insane every year because of unnatural living conditions. As I look back over these practices, as I knew them twenty-five years ago, it seems like a dream that it were possible for an enlightened, educated and presumably civilized people to expect any good to come from such inhuman treatment of prisoners. Before I speak of the handling of men incarcerated today, let me say a few words about the type of men received at Sing Sing Prison.

We have in New York State about 5,000 felons in the four state's prisons, and 70% of all those sentenced in the State for felony are sent to Sing Sing Prison. Last year we received 900 new prisoners, and before they arrived they were engaged in 181 different occupations. The general consensus of opinion is that most of the men who end in prison were working as laborers or manual workers on the outside. It is interesting to note that among the number received last year we found:

24 auto mechanics
33 barbers
11 bakers
16 bookkeepers
20 carpenters
78 chauffeurs
43 clerks
27 cooks
17 electricians
26 firemen
14 longshoremen
11 machinists
11 musicians
103 laborers
27 painters
11 plumbers
12 porters
29 salesmen
11 shoemakers
21 tailors
25 waiters
3 lawyers
1 policeman
2 bankers
1 poet
2 actors
1 advance agent

22 were college educated; 80 high school graduates; 496 had grammar school educations, 99 could not read or write and 26 gave a history of no schooling, most of these latter being foreign born.

There were more single men than married; more employed at the time of arrest than were idle; 528 were abstainers and 369 were moderate drinkers; 665 were sentenced upon their own con-

(*Continued on page* 65)

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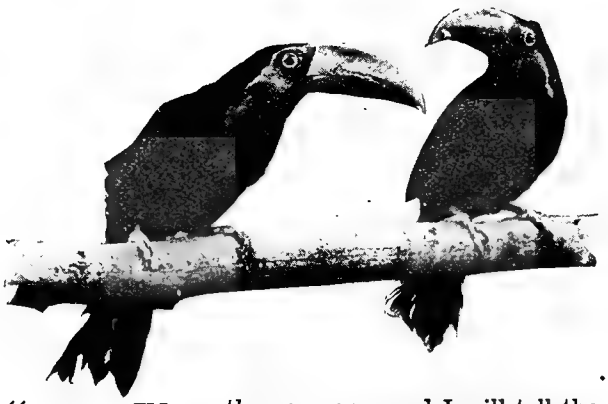

Birds of

Are We Breeding a RACE CLOSE CORPORA UNDER

Illustrated with Official Bertillon Photographs

"TELL me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art."

The principle of this precept is known to students of sociology as being universal in application to all classes of society.

If you seek information regarding a royal personage you go to the Almanach de Gotha and there can ascertain all facts as to lineage and alliances. If you wish to know the standing of a member of society you see if he is listed in the Social Register.

In police work the most successful detective is the one who knows not only the habitual criminals, but is acquainted with their haunts, their careers, their associates, their relatives and their women.

It may be surprising to the layman to learn that the criminal underworld is not a mere figment of fiction—a vehicle of the novelist—but an actual social stratum.

While the members of society gather at social functions and at certain recognized social centers, as Newport, Palm Beach, Bar Harbor, Ostend or Deauville, the members of the criminal underworld meet their pals, strike up new acquaintances and make life-long associations at Sing Sing, Joliet, San Quentin, Bridwell or Reading Gaol.

The standing of a criminal in his class is based not upon accident of birth but upon actual performances, upon his criminal record and his reputation as to dealings with his fellow accomplice. All his acts are matters of discussion in the substratum of society.

Whenever a big burglary or a spectacular hold-up occurs the newspapers give an account of it—a surface version, but in the world without windows every detail is known and discussed. It is remarkable how swiftly news travels in the underworld. Even the prisoners in the Penitentiary know the particulars of such criminal occurrence.

In using the word "criminal" we do not refer to the "accidental" criminal or the "occasional" who play a lone hand nor to those classes termed so generally at present as delinquents. By criminal we mean the individual who makes of crime an occupation, and who lives entirely upon the proceeds of crime, who never thinks of a normal honest life but who preys upon his fellow men, who schemes the crime, reviews every possible avenue of approach toward successful accomplishment, who concocts the alibi and the "get-away."

It is remarkable how these men know each other, how they keep track of every possible useful acquaintance, how they are always able to get in touch with each other. In dealing with these individuals one begins to feel that here is one big family, each ready to serve the other at so much for his share. Every city has its local underworld, and the big nationally-known criminals always have directly or remotely their connections in every large city.

"Cherche la femme," is an old French police rule, which means in practise find the sweetheart of the suspect. Then, through the wedge of feminine desire to protect her man, he can be traced through her, or she can be goaded on by emotional stress of jealousy to betray him. This has always been found a very effective procedure. Unwillingly and unsuspectingly she becomes the most valuable asset of the police.

Criminals of experience try to avoid the association of women, for a time at least, then they lose their perspective and lapse again into their previous errors of trusting and confiding in them. For that reason astute police officials try to secure

"Molls" and their mates. Both branches of the family tree of the offspring from these matches will bear a criminal record.

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a Feather

of CRIMINALS Within the TION of Our Seething WORLD?

By Dr. CARLETON SIMON

Special Deputy Police Commissioner. Lecturer on Criminology, Detective School, New York Police Department

Decorations by Publisher's Photo

information by the employment of women to entrap the criminal.

Wherever you find a large body of men you will find some traitors. In the underworld they are called "rats." The police sometimes call them "stool-pigeons." Usually they are politely referred to as "informers." If it were not because of this direct fount of knowledge the underworld would be a close corporation.

Living in the atmosphere of the underworld, coming in contact with individuals of similar ideals as their own, estranged by the very nature of society of which they are the avowed enemy, it is but natural that the criminal should often select his mate from within that circle.

Lombroso said: "The necessity of supplying the lack of certain qualities may lead to association." While many of the marital unions between criminals may be based upon sentiment, as with the rest of the world, there are undoubtedly many cases where the couple gravitate toward each other by natural selection based on similar impulses, tastes and desires. The proceeds of criminality are uncertain and hazardous, and while opportunity is not favorable to the one the chance may come to the other to make a haul. Again a familiarity of criminal custom, habits and criminal technique, develops a comraderie which not only for mutual protection but also for successful accomplishment of their unlawful purposes reacts upon the herding instincts and results in the exchange of confidence and constant companionship which may also terminate in marital relations.

"Moll" is the argot term for any oblique woman, and in the nether world and to the police a "Moll" is the specific term denoting a criminal woman or the woman of a criminal, sometimes she may be both.

In the modus operandi gallery at the New York Police Headquarters where the photographs of criminals are arranged under classifications that records the specialty or mode of operation of the criminal, there is a large section devoted to "Dishonest Servants." Most of these are the women of housebreakers, second-story men, porch-climbers, jewel thieves and the like. How much easier and safer it is for the house entrant when his confederate is inside, trusted and unsuspected, posing as a maid, an upstairs girl, chambermaid, cook or waitress. No suspicion is aroused until after the robbery is discovered. When the police arrive they find the female accomplice has gone. Either she fears detection because of previous similar occurrences or she does not want to be recognized later on a similar case.

Should the complainant or victim then go to police headquarters he would be shown the modus operandi file of photographs mentioned above. If a good description can be given of the missing hired help it will take but a few moments to locate her picture, if she ever before had "pulled off" a similar "trick." If not found there, other

(*Continued on page* 86)

These photographs were chosen at random. What conclusion do you draw from the striking likeness between each husband and wife?

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Eagles of Peace

By WENTWORTH

Decorations by Gilliam and Publishers' Photo

"GUNNER" desired a diamond.

He wanted it to be a high white diamond set in platinum. The exact size he had measured himself, by means of a piece of string drawn around the pink, slender third finger on Margery McDonald's left hand.

But high white diamonds cost money.

"Gunner" reported for duty at police headquarters at eight o'clock on the morning after his ring measuring experience, suffering from a cross current of emotions. He was sinfully happy because Margery McDonald loved him, of course. He was also miserable in the knowledge that a second grade detective's salary isn't intended for high white diamonds.

For the sake of "Gunner's" dignity let it be understood at once that he came by the nickname honestly in performance of his duty. He was actually one of the most peaceful men in the department.

It had been his luck to meet men who carried guns. For one reason or another he had usually wanted to talk to these men and they objected. It had then been merely a matter of drawing first. Accordingly, they called him "Gunner," because he was still alive. His real name was Frank Grant.

He was only a youngster too, as men in the police service count years. A powerful man, lean in the body and heavy in the chest, with a kindly face lighted by slate gray eyes that could, on occasion, become cold slits that glittered like the northern skies.

At roll call that morning there was absolutely nothing of interest. "Gunner" was looking for a few "suspects" of whom he had the usual descriptions. On the way uptown from headquarters he moved slowly, smiling to himself now and then as he thought of the preceding night, growing sober when he thought of the necessary diamond.

If the routine work of a second grade detective is likely to be humdrum, then this narrative is not worth reading. I can say only that it follows "Gunner" Grant faithfully and brings him to the close of the day but little changed from the youth he was before. There were compensations, but they afford no plot—no O. Henry "twist" to this tale, so, if you would follow along with "Gunner.". . . .

At an intersection he saw a blind man halting on the curb listening to the hum of the morning traffic. "Gunner" took him by the arm gently and spoke into his ear.

"Come on Dad, I'm going over. Let 'em try to hit us."

He left the blind man on the opposite corner, smiling at a kindlier world though he could not see it. Halfway up the block a pretty shop girl was skimming through the sidewalk crush, an expression of mingled fear and anger spoiling the sunshine for her on as lovely a September morning as ever there was. Moving close behind her a leering youth addressed her from the corner of his mouth.

"Gunner" moved in and placed his hand lightly on the boy's arm. His fingers closed and the pasty face before him winced.

"I'll be looking for you around town tomorrow, Slats," said "Gunner," softly. "You know what they're doing to cadets now, don't you? Beat it."

The narrow, watery eyes sought the pavement and the wizened, well-dressed figure of the parasite slunk away in the direction of the railroad station.

Turning into a side street "Gunner" came upon a group of men and boys gathered before a pool room. Several of them moved away as he approached. A boy of about sixteen stood his ground with the others. It was to the boy that "Gunner" spoke.

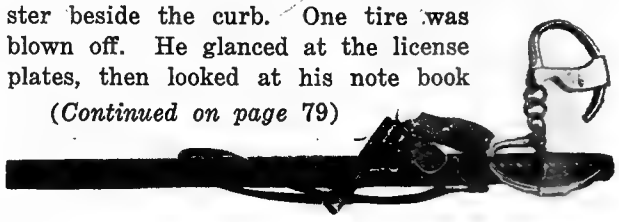
"Jimmy, have you been shooting craps again?" he drawled. "Well, you know that old one about a fool and his money. All your papers sold and your money gone, eh?"

Turning to a shirt-sleeved figure in the doorway, he spoke again and this time there was no smile.

"Joe, you're going to run your game once too often. I want to catch just one more kid around here—just one, get me?"

An hour later, out beyond the railroad roundhouse, "Gunner" came across an abandoned roadster beside the curb. One tire was blown off. He glanced at the license plates, then looked at his note book

(*Continued on page* 79)



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?Fake *or* Fact?

From Notes on a Series of Talks by Houdini:

Lectures Given Before New York Police Academy

Decoration by Gilliams. Illustration from "A Magician Among the Spirits", through courtesy of Houdini.

"CHEMISTRY was born of alchemy, physics of metaphysics and astronomy of astrology," yet each new phase of science, each partial withdrawal of the veil from the unknowable has been perverted to human gain. Those camp followers of the scientist, the pseudo-scientists, working with half-truths or no truth at all, have never scrupled to play upon the finest sentiments of mankind to line their pockets with their credulous clients' wealth. The total sum of which the modern spirit medium has fleeced the public cannot be accurately guessed. Those who have learned the deceit which has been practiced will seldom tell of it themselves. Most of the "suckers" never even know that they have been fleeced.

From the earliest days of man's history we can find vestiges of belief and interest in the occult. It is because spiritualism appeals to the most deep-seated craving of human nature—the assurance of an immortal life and communion with the dead—that through all the ages it has been able to gain so many followers. Much time and money have been devoted to the serious study of spirit manifestations, resulting in varied opinions as to the truthfulness and reality of the "science." One of the most exhaustive studies has been made by Houdini, himself a mystical entertainer of world renown. After a study covering a period of over thirty years, during which he read every piece of literature on the subject of Spiritualism that he could, Houdini finds himself unable to accept as true any of the evidence that has thus far been placed before him. In a series of lectures to the New York Police Department, he gives the results of his research, explaining most of the means of deception used by mediums.

Houdini divides mediums roughly into two classes: First, the unintentional deceivers, who imagine they hear voices, rappings, etc., and who in reality are suffering from a mild form of psychosis; second, the deliberate frauds, who are actuated almost entirely by mercenary motives. It is with this second class and their methods that Houdini is especially concerned.

The success of the fraudulent mediums depends on the amount of information that they can obtain. Their methods are varied and widespread. They glean from the newspapers and tabulate death, birth and marriage notices. They employ people to attend important social functions to mingle with the guests and absorb what information and gossip they can. Frequently they tap telephone wires, search letter boxes, steaming open the letters and making copies of them for future use. They study court records of property transfers and mortgages. Oftentimes they employ "assistants" who act as waiters in restaurants, cabarets, night clubs and the like, for the purpose of overhearing conversations concerning prospective clients. Elevator boys, superintendents and servants are bribed to make daily reports on the inside happenings of the house. Clerks have been "planted" in hotels who open, read and re-seal letters of guests. Telephone girls are induced to intercept messages and report them. As most mediums work in the dark, a great number are able to employ expert pickpockets

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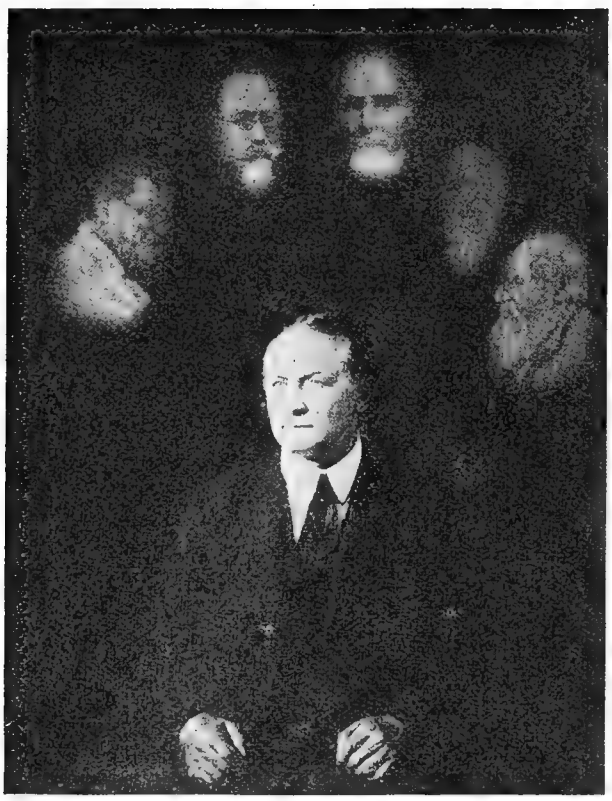

Photograph of Houdini showing "spirit extras"

who cleverly take from the sitters' pockets letters, names and memorandums while they are being interviewed. These are passed to the medium who tells the sitter more or less of their contents. After they have served their purpose the letters are returned to the pockets of the sitter who, totally unaware of what has transpired, goes out to tell his friends of the wonderful ability of the medium.

A most novel method of obtaining information was devised by a man who decided after listening to the conversation in a Turkish bath to open one himself. Most of his attendants were accomplices so while the patrons were enjoying the bath their clothes were searched, letters opened and signatures traced. The end of the first year found him enjoying a country home in an aristocratic neighborhood.

Another factor that aids the medium in obtaining information is the client's own unconscious telling of many facts about himself. These remarks are of great value to the medium.

Slate writing was an especially fortunate discovery for mediums. Results were obtained in full light and the whole thing seemed so simple and direct that apparently there was nothing to investigate and, comparatively speaking, there were no blank seances. Such success led to carelessness and exposures followed, so that now spirit slates are listed in the catalogues of houses dealing in conjuring apparatus. Fraud mediums who formerly made use of them are now employing the safer and easier swindles of automatic writing, trance or trumpet messages, and the "ouija board".

One of the most common methods of slate writing is known as the "flap slate." The message is written beforehand and concealed with a flap of silicated gauze, or thin slate, which fits closely within the slate frame. One side of this flap is covered with cloth to match that used on the top of the table and when it is dropped is unnoticed. A better way is to cover the back of the flap with newspaper so that when dropped on a spread-out newspaper it becomes invisible.

There is an ingenious double form of this flap slate with which it is possible to make a message appear on both inside surfaces of a pair of locked slates without having them leave the sight of the sitter for an instant. The two slates are hinged together like the old-fashioned school slates, but with the hinges on the outside of the slates. The slabs of slate are very thin and the ends of the frames bevel toward them slightly. One end of each frame is so made that by pressing on one of the hinge-screws the frame end is released and can be drawn out about a quarter of an inch. A very thin slab of slate called the "flap" is arranged to fit snugly over the real slate when the frame ends are in place but drops out as soon as they are released and drawn out. In working these slates the medium writes a message on the inside flap. The end of the slate with the message is then drawn out and the flap inserted, message side down, and the frame fastened back in place. A secret mark on the outside of the frame shows which slate is written upon. The slates can then be shown and will appear clean on all four sides, and it is possible to either seal or lock them without interfering with the success of the demonstration. They are then placed on the table with the fake ends nearest the medium, and while he leans on their ends with half-folded arms, engaging the sitter in conversation, he at the same time with the fingers of his concealed hand pulls out the frame ends, allowing the flap to fall from one slate to the other, and then secures it in place by putting the ends back. Of course, when the slates are opened a closely written message is found on both.

Writing is sometimes produced between two slates which have been fastened together at the corners, by inserting a wedge of hard wood between the frames. This separates them sufficiently to allow the medium to slip between them a piece of wire with a bit of slate pencil fastened to the tip. Thus, at a dark seance, a message can be produced in a few minutes without breaking the seals.

There are numerous other methods of slate writing, all more or less similar, but one which is entirely different is that employed by certain mediums who are very rapid and interesting talkers. Throughout the seance the medium walks

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nervously about the room, keeping up a continual flow of conversation. He passes two slates to the sitter for examination. A third the same size, with a previously written message on one side, being concealed in a large pocket inside the breast of his coat. While the slates are being examined he walks about the room sometimes behind and sometimes in front of the sitter, tapping him on the shoulder to emphasize his remarks. As soon as the slates are examined he takes them and, passing behind the sitter, places them on his head and asks him to hold them there and at the same time continuing his walk and talk. Of course when the slates are examined there is a message on the inside of one of them. When the medium steps behind the sitter with the slates in his hand he quickly changes the slate with a message which he has hidden for one of the blank ones.

Since the introduction of "raps" by the Fox Sisters, various methods have been devised for producing table rappings. One of the simplest expedients is for the medium to slightly moisten the fingers and slide them very gently on the top of the table. A little experimenting soon shows the amount of pressure necessary to produce the desired sound.

Another rather simple method consists of placing the thumbs close together in such a manner that the nail of one overlaps the other a trifle. Then while the thumbs are pressed hard on the table one nail is slipped up or down, thereby producing distinct raps which seem to come from the top of the table.

Some mediums produce raps by slipping a knee up and down against a table leg. Others have been known to fasten blocks of wood to the knee under the skirt and rap on the table leg with a sidewise motion of the knee. Still others strike the table leg with the heel of the shoe or press the side of the heel against the table leg and by moving the heel up and down the friction of the leather against the wood produces raps.

Table levitating is easily accomplished at a dark seance with the aid of a confederate. If the medium and his assistant are seated opposite, they can, by raising their knees at a signal lift the table from the floor without difficulty. By slightly rocking or tipping the table the medium and assistant can simultaneously slip a foot under the table legs diagonally opposite, lift the table and keep it balanced by pressure of the hands on the top. This method is practical for dark seances, but for manifestations where there is danger of the sitters being able to see, mechanical contrivances must be resorted to.

The oldest form is simply a light, though powerful length of blue steel riveted to a stout leather wrist strap. When not in actual use the whole contrivance is concealed in the medium's sleeve. Sometimes both the medium and his assistant are

Houdini shows a method of switching slates

thus equipped. This method has been somewhat superseded by using a chamois-covered flat steel hook concealed under the vest and riveted to a tight-fitting leather belt encircling the medium's body. With this hook under the table edge, great power can be exerted upon the table with very little strain upon the operator. Another of the more modern contrivances is a steel belt which the operator wears on the front of which is attached a short metal arm which can be engaged under the table top in such a way that the operator can take his hands off the table and still support it in the air.

New methods replace old-time methods, just as advances are made in other lines of work. For instance, few mediums resort to the crude method of releasing a foot from under the foot of the investigator. Instead, they have contrived a new and more baffling method. The medium's shoes are made with a false front which is made of metal and is padded. It is therefore possible for the medium to withdraw the foot without being detected.

One of the most startling swindles that Houdini found in the course of his investigations was that of a medium who purported to be able to "fingerprint a Spirit." In this test the medium shows the sitter finger prints of the departed spirit. The scheme was first started by a sculptor who dabbled a little in Spiritualism. One day, several years ago, a workman fell from the top of the

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Knifed in

Weird Death Winged into a Tight-Sealed Room and Left No Trace to Layman's Eye

CYRIL

THE body of Jason Gregg lay where it had fallen. It was sprawled upon the reading-table in his bedroom. The old man's face was pressed against the mahogany. In his neck was buried the blade which had served the murderer, an oddly shaped knife with a round handle that resembled silver.

The weapon was dabbled with blood, as were the collar and shirt of the aged financier. His sparse grey beard was streaked with red, but his hands, extended in a convulsive gesture to each side, were unstained, and of the bluish pallor of death.

That is how Minturn, the valet, had found his master when he entered the bedroom that November morning.

Terrified and speechless, he had regarded the corpse for a few minutes, then he ran to inform the butler with hysterical gasps that murder had been done while they slept.

It was Harris, the elderly butler who called up Headquarters, after one horrified glance at the body.

"Don't touch it—don't touch anything, Minturn," he directed with authority. "There may be fingerprints, burnt matches, all sorts of clues that the detectives will find. Don't disturb so much as a scrap of paper!"

"And what about Master Cyril?" quavered Minturn. "Who is going to break it to him that his uncle is dead?"

Harris, at the phone, motioned the valet to be silent. After he had secured the police station and told what had happened in a few crisp sentences, he hung up and then answered Minturn's frightened question.

"The detective will break it to Master Cyril," he said. "But first he'll have to shake and shout at the young scrapegrace. It was striking three when I heard him come in this morning, and it's seldom he wakes up before midday, as you know."

Minturn shook his head and passed a limp hand over his brow. "I know. He's sleeping in there—dreaming of cards or roulette most likely—while his uncle lies in the next room—murdered. It's like a bad dream. I can't believe what my eyes saw!"

The valet was a picture of misery and terror as he stood there trembling and staring with dilated eyes. He was such a weedy, insignificant fellow with his thin body and skinny limbs that Harris viewed him with contemptuous tolerance from his six feet of English beef and brawn.

"Well, it's most unfortunate," remarked the butler in his detached British manner. "I was fond of the old gentleman, in spite of his odd ways. And to think of him being murdered like this—in the same house with me! It's shocking! Extremely shocking!"

"Who could have done it?" whispered Minturn. "Who is the murderer?"

"How should *I* know? That's for the police to find out."

"It couldn't have been a burglar—at least it doesn't seem possible," Minturn continued. "Everything is locked and bolted. Even his window was shut tight."

"Was it now? Usually the master sleeps with his window open."

"Yes. But as he hadn't retired—you see he was sitting there reading when he was stabbed—the window was still bolted. Nothing has been disturbed."

"The safe was closed. I saw that much," answered Harris. "A burglar wouldn't have stopped to close the safe, if he had rifled it. Well, I don't pretend to be a detective. I'll wait for the law to apprehend the criminal."

"How can you be so cold-blooded?" cried Minturn. "To hear you talk, one would think that it was nothing to you that your master was stabbed while we were asleep. Yet you have been in his service for ten years."

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the Back

By C. L. EDHOLM

Illustrated by CHARLES ANDREW BRYSON

MINTURN

"Twelve years in January," corrected Harris. "And I'll thank you not to criticize my way of taking this misfortune. Maybe I care more about it than you imagine."

They were interrupted by a sharp imperative ring of the doorbell. Harris opened it to Detective Tom King and two patrolmen.

King was a tall, reserved-looking fellow, rather mild than otherwise in his manner, and looked more like a High School teacher than one of the best men on the force. He was fair-haired, blue-eyed and dressed with inconspicuous neatness. The keen expression of his eyes was tempered by a pair of rimless spectacles, and his lips masked their determination with an easy-going smile.

Harris told him quickly what had happened.

Sergeant King's first move was to station the patrolmen at the front and back of the house to see that no one entered unobserved. No one was to leave under any pretext.

Then the detective went to the bedroom on the second floor accompanied by Minturn and Harris and inspected the body of Jason Gregg.

What the detective saw as he examined the wound gave him an odd feeling of perplexity. The knife had been driven into the back of the neck with unusual force. Death had been instantaneous, for the blade had pierced a joint in the spinal column and severed the spinal cord.

To strike such a blow required a hand of enormous force and skill.

The victim had never known what struck him, as he sat there reading. The book had fallen from his nerveless hands, the body had crumpled forward, he had made one clutching movement with his fingers—that was all.

The detective examined the hilt of the knife as if he expected to see the print of bloody fingers. He sniffed as an unexpected odor reached his nostrils, then touched the knife hilt gingerly with his handkerchief and smelled the cloth. "Odd! Very odd!" he murmured.

Then King phoned Headquarters for a finger-print expert. The medical examiner had already been notified and was due any minute.

Before the medical examiner came, the detective learned all that Minturn and Harris had to tell him. The old man had retired from active business and was interested only in his investments and his collection of antique weapons that were hung all over the house. He was supposed to be very rich. Following his usual custom he had been reading in his chamber before going to bed. Gregg preferred that cozy room to the library and the reading-table was covered with books and periodicals. It was in the bedroom, too, that the small safe stood, for the old man had a feeling that his property was safer in the same room with him than in the library.

"Did Mr. Gregg keep much money in the safe?" asked King.

The two servants could not answer this.

"I never saw it open," said Minturn. "Mr. Gregg was a great one to keep his affairs to himself."

"And you don't know whether there were jewels or negotiable bonds or other valuables to tempt a burglar?"

"No, sir," replied Harris. "I can't say. When Mrs. Gregg was living she kept her jewels in this safe, but she died eight years ago. The old gentleman might have put them in his safe-deposit box downtown."

"Has he had any money in the house? Did he ever close any deals here that would involve money payments?"

"Well, sir, there was a gentleman here a week ago, a Mr. Farmer, who spent a couple of hours with the master one evening."

"Was that Julius Farmer? The jewel expert from Maiden Lane?"

Minturn replied slowly. "Yes, I think Julius was the name. Julius Farmer, that was the way

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the card read that he gave me. He may have been doing business. I don't know, of course. Mr. Gregg never talked of his affairs before us."

While Minturn spoke, he let himself sink into a chair. The nervous strain had made him weak in the legs. King looked at him thoughtfully, and, like the butler, he felt a sort of pitying contempt for the weakling with his small body and frail hands.

"You may go now," said King. "Send up the other servants. The cook and a maid, you say? Very well, have them here, and then call in the nephew."

As soon as he was alone, King made a careful survey of the room. He noticed the bolted windows opening on 55th Street. He observed the door leading to the bathroom and another door led into the bedroom beyond for the bathroom was shared by Cyril and his uncle. King noticed also the door to the hall with the transom open to let in the air. He opened this door and on the hall carpet saw a little white fragment. King picked it up and examined it. It was just a bit of surgical cotton that had been soaked in something. King sniffed it, then wrapped it in a scrap of paper and put it in his pocket.

Anna, the maid, and Mrs. McGrew, the cook, tiptoed into the room a few minutes later, as he was completing his investigation. They were tearful and shaken by the sudden alarm, and, at the sight of their master's corpse, they drew back with little shrieks of fear.

"Don't be frightened," said the detective. "He won't hurt you, and I won't hurt you either. Just tell me whether you heard any suspicious sounds last night, or saw anything that might throw light on this crime."

Mrs. McGrew was almost hysterical. Her flabby body shook with sobs, and she seemed overcome with grief at the tragic fate of her kind master. King could get nothing out of her.

The cook spent her life below stairs. On account of her weight, she preferred the bedroom in the basement to the airier servants' quarters on the top floor. She had seen and heard nothing suspicious.

But Anna had seen the victim the night of the murder. Going to her room at eleven o'clock, she had seen him reading in his easy chair.

"How's that! You *saw* him? Was the door open?"

"No sir, but from the upper landing I could see the light from his room. Looking through the transom, I saw him sitting there with his back to the door. He was reading. He didn't move."

"You're sure he was reading? You could see that he was sitting up? Not fallen forward as he is now?"

"Oh, no, sir! You can see quite plain from the top of the stairs. He was all right when I saw him."

Cyril, flung back, stood gasping

The detective jotted down the replies of the two women. He did not show by his expression whether he considered their words important or not. After a few other questions, he was prepared to dismiss them, when the door from the bathroom was flung open and a pale, haggard face appeared above a purple dressing-gown.

"My uncle! What has happened to Uncle Jason?" cried Cyril, and the next moment he was bending over the dead man. At the sight of the knife buried deep in the neck of the corpse, he started back in horror.

"My knife! How did my knife come here?" he shouted.

He confronted the detective with terror written on his pallid features. "Who are you? Who has done this?"

"I am from Central Office. King is my name. And I am here to find the man who murdered your uncle."

Cyril pulled himself together with a great effort.

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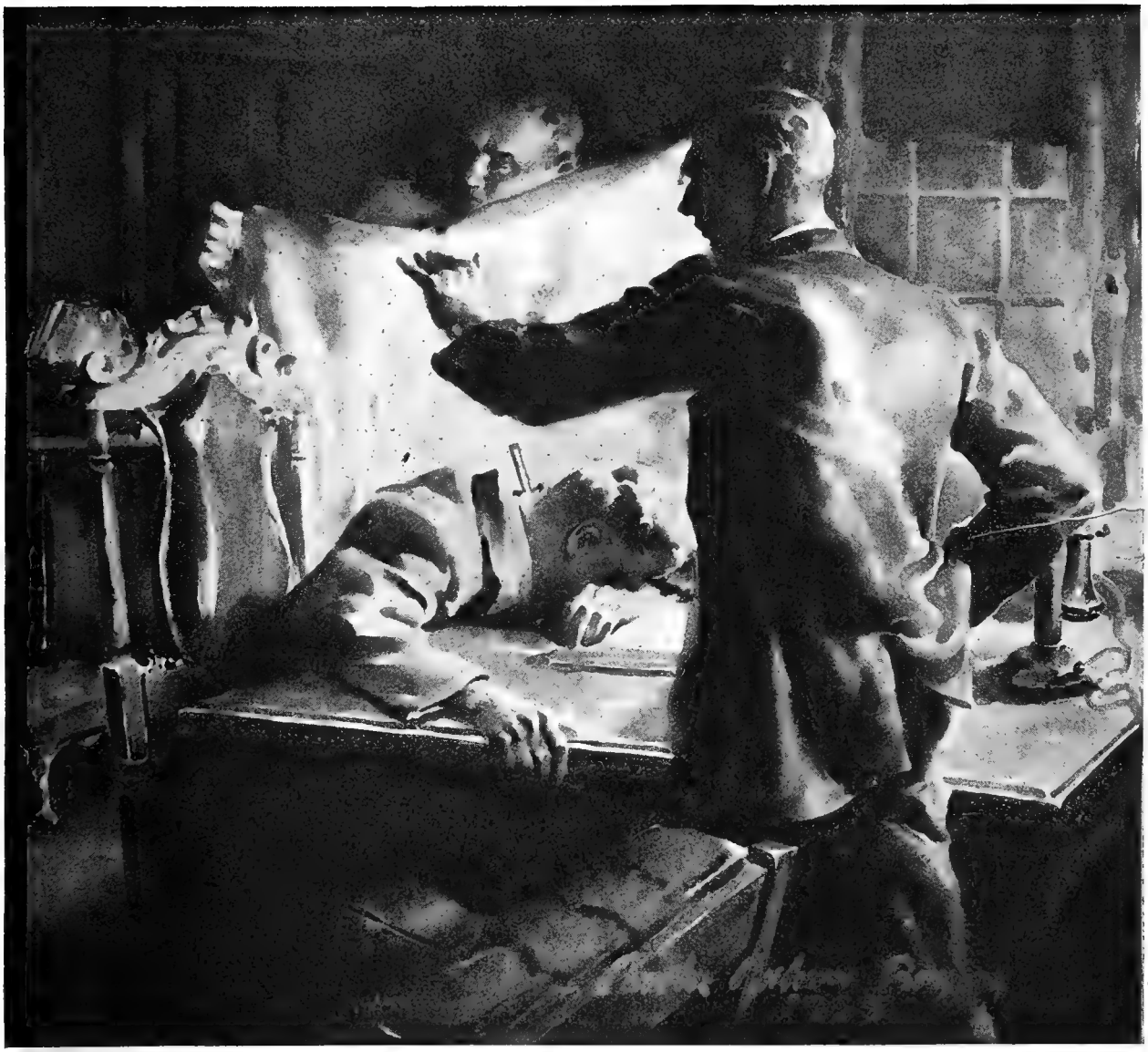

with fists clenched to make a second rush. Tom King's hand flashed to his hip.

"This is awful," he muttered again and again. "When did this happen? To think that my uncle was stabbed while I was asleep in the next room! Awful!" He buried his face in his hands.

The detective eyed him coldly. Cyril was a tall, muscular young man, with big, capable hands; but his rumpled hair and his pale complexion made him look like a nervous wreck at that moment.

"You say this knife is yours?" demanded the detective.

"Yes; it's mine. But I don't know how it came here. It was in the bottom of my trunk when I saw it last."

"What time did you get home last night?"

"I don't know. Yes, I remember now. It was three o'clock. I heard the clock strike."

"Were you quite—quite yourself?"

"You mean—did I know what I was doing? Yes, I—I think so!"

"Where were you out so late?"

"With some friends. Playing cards."

"Will you give me their names—your friends'?"

"Yes—no, I would prefer to keep them out of this."

"We'll let that go for the present," said the detective. "You were playing cards, you say?"

"Yes; a friendly little game."

"Did you lose much?"

Cyril laughed shamefacedly. "I was cleaned out," he said. "Had to borrow taxi fare to get home."

"So you lost all your money? Are you usually so unlucky at cards?"

"I'm afraid so. I haven't kept track of my losses. But I lose more than I win. That's sure!"

"Where did you get the money to gamble? From your uncle?"

The young man straightened indignantly. "Say, what's the idea of this third degree? Are you trying to pin this on me? Do you think *I* mur-

(*Continued on page* 73)

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Terrors *of the* Night

"'Big - hearted Moses' reminded me of the lad with the two apples. You know? He eats one apple as he talks to you and puts the other in his pocket."

"Trembling to begin the fight I waited till his head was within reach. Then I leaped and struck in a frenzy. Sock! landed the heavy jack behind the burglar's ear."

By Patrolman WILLIAM MAGILL MILLAR, Shield No. 6455

Illustrated by F. A. HAMILTON

DID I ever tell you about the night I fell asleep in the tailor shop, and the negro burglar who stole a bolt of cloth from under my head? No? Well, just read this. It's a hot one.

It started the second tour I did in the Black Belt of Harlem on Lenox Avenue, from One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street to One Hundred and Forty-first. Well, I did seven years on that post and, every now and then, when I think of the second tour and those that completed my first year there, I have to stop and take a good laugh at myself. This particular night I turned out at 12 A. M. to do the late tour, and as soon as I arrived at my post I immediately began to try out all the shop doors and examine side-lights and windows. They were all O. K. till I arrived at the last one, a little tailor shop just off Lenox Avenue on One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street. Here, as usual, I grasped the knob and glanced intently into the interior as I tried the lock. That door was sure locked but Holy Mackerel! as I tried the lock did I see a head pop up over some bolts of cloth that lay on a large table in the rear of the store? Well, I sure! For as I stood staring, now on the alert, I saw a second head pop up and duck down again. Yes sir, there could be no mistake. That last head had been plainly discernible in the dim light that found its way into the tailor shop from a street lamp.

"Burglars," I surmised, as I caught my breath excitedly. What should I do? If I stopped to call assistance they would escape from the rear. Should I rush to the rear and be shot from ambush in some dark basement? I sure was in some predicament for a second.

Then I thought about shooting through the window, thus scaring them to death, while I ran around for the rear attack. On second thought this, too, seemed foolish. "Bill, they know you're an officer. They've seen you and are probably making their escape right now. Bust the door in and fight, you big mutt!" I reasoned.

No sooner said than done. Crash! went the door glass as I threw my heavy night stick through it. Then in a second I was in the store, gun in hand and me r'aring to mix it.

"Come out of it you yellow pups! Come out or I'll fill you full of holes!" I yelled. "Come on all

"Say, Eddie, let's make it eleven for luck."

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hands—grab for the sky or I'll cut loose."

Well, the sights and sounds that greeted those remarks sure startled me. For I had no sooner given the command than four figures leaped up on top of the big table. Dressed in their underwear they danced wildly on their tiptoes, hands elevated and rigid, each weird figure leaping for the ceiling to the musical chant of, "Oi! Oi! Oi! Oi! Oi-yoi-yoi."

Now in every land each race has its own peculiar cry. I've heard tell that in Australia the bushmen call, "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" and that this call can be heard for miles. And I know our own Indians have their whoop, but, dang you! you know as well as I that there is only one race under the sun that screams "Oi-oi! Oi-yoi-yoi!"

Yes, you recognize it and so did I that night. I smelt the rat at once and my heart plumped down in my boots for making such a mistake.

"I'll go through with it," I thought to myself as they kept up the wild dance. "This little act will make these Hebs respect a cop in the future, even if I do have to pay for a new window." So, still pretending anger, I heroically commanded them to step down from the table and get up in the light at the front of the store.

"Do it P. D. Q., too!" I yelled as I crouched menacingly, covering them with my gun. "Step out, my bad burglars." And I booted the last one down from the table. He was a short pudgy Hebrew weighing about three hundred pounds, and I almost laughed out loud at his alacrity when I gave him that boot in the B. V. D.'s.

"Don' shoot no mo'! Ah's full o' holes right now!"

"Step out!" I told them, "Or I'll fill yuh all full of lead! You're a fine bunch of burglars you are."

"Vat! Vat!" shrieked a tall, slim individual as I herded them into the light. "Vat? A burglar you say? Don't shoot! I am not a burglar, I'm a tailor!" Then as he danced on a piece of broken glass he wailed, "Oi-yoi-yoi my vinder! Vat for you broke my vinder?"

"Yah, he iss the tailor," chimed in the other three as they cut out the "oi-yois" and pointed accusingly at the tall slim one. "He'ss the tailor."

"You say you're a tailor?" I raged as I advanced carefully on him. "Let me look you over," I added as I poked him in the ribs with my gun. Then I looked him and the bunch over and, pretending that only then was I satisfied that I had made a mistake, let loose the laugh I had been holding back since the start of the B. V. D. shadow dance.

Those four terrified Hebrews in four different sizes and shapes of underwear sure were funny. So I laughed and laughed, more at their expressions than at the recollection of their first frantic antics, for they didn't see a thing to laugh at and showed it in their frightened, puzzled faces.

But my laughter revived their courage and they began to smile sheepishly and ask questions.

"You thought ve vas burglars?" asked the short, fat one.

"Oie," chimed in another shrinking individual. "I thought my vife vas a vidder every time you spoke. Oi-oi vat a tougher oi—"

"And dry up!" I told them. "Can the 'oi-ois' for a while, will you? You're all right, but what in hell are you fellows planning? Why are you sleeping in this store anyway? This is no apartment. How am I going to guess you're not burglars if you don't tell me when I knock? Do you think cops are mind-readers?" I

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MOVIES of

Milton Sills in "The "Knockout", a film of fights throughout. FIRST NATIONAL

(BELOW) The pinch —pardon us, we mean clinch, from "Flower of Night", featuring Pola Negri and Youcca Troublzkoy. PARAMOUNT

"Sid" Chaplin feels the heavy hand of the law in "The Man on the Box", from the novel and stage play by Harold McGrath. WARNER BROS.

(CIRCLE) Colleen Moore in "We Moderns", disguised as a cop of the days of Lancelot. FIRST NATIONAL

"The Best People" visit (by special invitation) one of our most popular jails. The presentation is a mixture of girls, gowns, comedy, modern youth and scrambled social classes. PARAMOUNT

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the MONTH

Ben Lyon in "The Pace That Thrills". Motor races and modern flappers. FIRST NATIONAL

(BELOW) Richard Dix as "The Vanishing American" in the photoplay of that name, chats with Lois Wilson on location. PARAMOUNT

A wild ride ends as it should—in police court. In "The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted", however, it leads to more than the usual complications. WARNER BROS.

(CIRCLE) No page complete without "Rudy" for the ladies, now starring in "Cobra". FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

Rin-Tin-Tin (the dog), takes the lead in the undoing of a murderer who has bullied a village into frightened submission, in "Below the Line". WARNER BROS.

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Hollywood

A city of Spanish architecture

I AM one of those who are "done" as a police officer.

They counted me out five years ago in Chicago, because they said I was unfit.

The examining surgeon, looking me over, said the bellows was a little off—that there were very serious reasons for the neuritis and that the "dogs" were about through. He told me in scientific terms that flat feet had me and that if I wanted to rise further in my profession—that of being a policeman—these physical defects would have to be corrected.

And so like many others I went to Florida. I had been born and reared in Chicago. No one can tell me about the packing house district. I lived in it, and stuck pigs in the "yards" when I was a "kid". It was hard to leave Chicago. The wife liked it and the son and the daughter thought there was no place like the city in which they spent their lives. But I reasoned that if I was through as an officer, Florida with its temperate weather might be the thing for me.

We sold our property in Chicago—and we had five pieces that we had saved during that time when I was an officer—so it was quite a bankroll after the collections had been signed. That money went into Florida real estate, at a place called Hollywood-by-the-Sea, then a new city that had been opened as a resort city by J. W. Young, real estate developer. And then we moved to Hollywood. When we arrived in Hollywood, we landed in a wilderness. There was no doubt of that. And we built our home. They said we were the first residents in Hollywood. Living there was a bit primitive at that time. Streets and boulevards were being cut. Homes were being built. They talked about hotels and railroad stations and apartment houses.

I could have gotten a job as a "special". I could have done work as a deputy sheriff. For I did know the police business. I knew a lot of crooks in Chicago, and I knew that some of them would sooner or later be on their way to our section of Florida.

And then I said to the wife: "They said I was 'through'. And I am 'through'. No more police business for me. I'm going into business."

And I did go into the real estate business. The man who has served for years as a police officer knows human nature. If he knows human nature, he knows when to get the name on the dotted line. And the money, too, that we saved in Chicago, that we had after selling out, went into Florida real estate—right about Hollywood. Wonderful increases have been made in real estate in that section. Fortunately, we had our money down on land that soared. We have made more money on what we brought from the "Windy City" than I ever suspected one man could get all together.

Florida's methods in policing its cities, towns and the roads is characteristic of the state. About all I know is what I have observed, though, of course, I go down to the station and chat with the boys and I compare notes with the desk man.

Florida extends a welcoming hand to the folks from other parts of the country. The state, in a great measure, has been developed by men who went there in the past few years from the north. All Florida cities have felt the punch of the energetic dynamos who have come down from north of the Ohio and have come with a bank roll.

There is a friendliness to Florida that I like—a friendliness that every policeman extends to the visitors. A policeman can do a lot in making a visitor feel at home, or he can do a lot in making a visitor feel that this place or that is the worst in the world.

The Florida police are watching the crooks. They don't want them there. But to the others—the farmers from the Middle West, those who are not used to traveling and ask foolish questions and who are sometimes violating the speed laws and the traffic laws, not because they want to be smart, but because they don't know better,—to them, the policemen generally are polite when they correct their mistakes. They may even send them in to the desk men and the desk men are liberal with them. Of course, some of them have to settle. They ought to.

The motor speed laws are harsh in Florida. There are not many roads in the state, as we know road conditions in the north. Main thoroughfares are congested. They must be watched to keep reckless drivers from endangering the lives of a lot of drivers. Generally speaking, these speeders are handled properly. But in

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-by-the-Sea

some districts, there is too much "pinching". I confess that I believe some of the Florida small towns expect to get revenues by stopping some of these speeding tourists and making them contribute to the "kitty".

Florida has been good to me. It will be good to any pensioner in the north who comes here to spend his declining years. I can't express any one else's opinion; but, as it strikes me, why should a man on pension live in the north, where the varying climate conditions make life miserable for him, when he can go to Florida and live happily in an unvarying climate? Florida adds life to a man. That's why I appeal to the pensioner.

This all-year resort city, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, fifteen miles north of Miami, and fifty miles south of Palm Beach, is a virile city of diversified life, with a background of natural resources. Differing from most southern Florida resort cities, it lies directly on the Atlantic Ocean. No bay or other body of water intervenes. It is on the Florida East Coast Railroad—370 miles south of Jacksonville—and on the Dixie Highway, main street of Florida, running along the East Coast. All highway and railroad traffic from the north to Miami and Key West passes through the town.

Three miles from it is the Gulf Stream. The warmth of the Gulf Stream, coupled with its semi-tropical location, gives the development an even temperature, summer and winter. The winter average is 68.2; the prevailing summer temperature 80.8 degrees.

Hollywood-by-the-Sea was planned to be a city of Spanish architecture, with residences, business structures, hotels, apartments, schools, churches, railroad station, Golf and Country Club House, semi-public buildings, designed after that style harmonizing with the splendor of Florida sky and verdure.

The Beach on the Atlantic Ocean is eight miles in length. On two miles of this has been built a Cement Board Walk, electrically lighted. Surf bathing is enjoyed every day in the year.

Besides the bathing, the Beach has a generous assortment of other sports—dancing, boating, fishing, etc. Hollywood has completed a $250,000.00 bathing casino, 850 rooms, with a tiled, sanitary swimming pool, with two wading pools for children, and a gallery from which spectators may view water games and competitions in the pool. Water is pumped from the sea to the pool, outgoing water being discharged into the Inland Water Way Canal, 600 feet away. The water is thus kept sanitary. The usual ocean beach life is characteristic of Hollywood Beach.

Hollywood-by-the-Sea has two resort hotels—

A parade on the boulevard

the Hollywood and the Great Southern. The Hollywood is two years old. It lies to the east of Circle Park. The Great Southern was opened in January, 1925. Both are modern and fireproof and are run on the American plan. Three new fireproof hotels are being built, to be opened next January—the Hollywood on the beach costing $3,000,000, the Hollywood Inn, and the Hollywood Boulevard Hotel.

At Lake Mabel is a harbor which, when projected construction is completed, will be 30 feet deep, 1,500 by 3,500 feet, with two jetties running a mile into the Atlantic.

Florida has but started her development. Millions of acres are not yet under cultivation. Florida has the lowest death rate from pneumonia of any state in the Union. It has a coast line of 1,110 miles, with a shore line, including islands and bays of approximately 3,000 miles.

Florida has attractive homes, and many churches and schools, which go hand in hand with the home.

More than 150 golf courses are spread over Florida, inviting the vacationist who likes the old Scottish game; while hard-surfaced roads make motoring a fine sport. Motor tours past orange and other fruit groves are educational and entertaining. The rural life in Florida is, indeed, picturesque. Surf bathing is enjoyed every day in the year. Fishing is plentiful—sea and fresh water. The vacationist may enjoy horseback riding, tennis, swimming, polo, aviation and other sports.

Florida is within 36 hours of two-thirds of the population of the United States. Within its borders there are more railroad lines under construction than in any other state.

Many have discovered in Florida what Ponce de Leon did not discover—the fountain of youth, and the modern pioneers discovered in it larger work and wider opportunities. Men have gone to Florida to retire, because of its wonderful climate, and found chances for larger work than they have ever done before.

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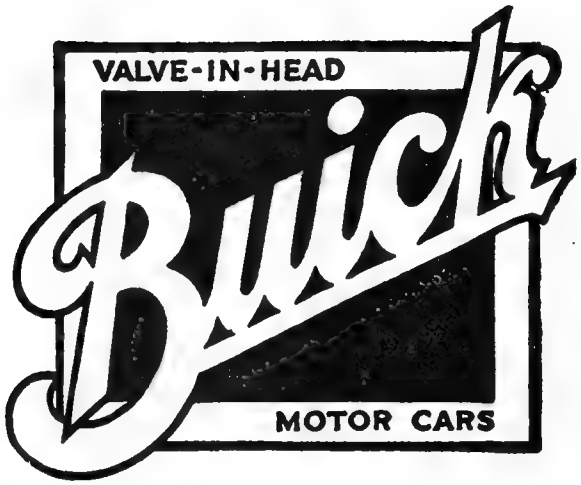
New Cars



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The POLICE BLOTTER

By Joseph R. Fabian

"The Records of the Department Are the Records of Life"

To write or not to write—that is the question. We mislaid our can opener so we had to open this column with a knife. Very coarse work, of course. Next to starting a flivver in winter, writing a column is the hardest thing in the world, at times.

There is nothing that the average man is more sensitive about than his so-called sense of humor. Everyone has it, whether he knows it or not, but some people have never learned how to use it. It is one of the most powerful assets in the world. People who think they are bereft of a sense of humor have been secretly and subconsciously afraid to use it.

If you have experienced an incident which has provoked mirth in you and those around you, pass it on. This column affords plenty of space for their publication.

Articles should be submitted in writing—preferably on paper (on not more than two (2) sides of each sheet) and must not be more than 487 (four thousand) words in length. Herewith are articles which have received first choice for this month:

The Tragedy

The woman was pale with terror.

Slowly she staggered across the room and sank into a chair.

Her hand trembled violently as she lifted the telephone receiver and called a number.

"Hello! Hello! Is this police headquarters? I want you to send an officer, quick! My husband is going to kill—— what?

"No, he isn't going to kill me, it's himself. No, he hasn't yet, but he's going to—— Who am

(*Continued on page* 81)

THE SOCONY SHIELD IS YOUR PROTECTION

The Socony Shield does not belie its name.

It is a protection—a protection against the "just as good". It prevents the substitution of spurious and unknown brands.

It is a symbol wherever you see it—a guide and a signpost that here is sold the genuine Socony Gasoline and Socony Motor Oil. Wherever you see it, in town or country, it announces that here is found not only a quality product, but a quality service.

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THERE'S HEALTH IN THE MOTOR RIDE

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Danny on the Warpath

(*Continued from page* 11)

And so it came to pass that Officer Phelan sat on the vine-covered porch of a neat little cottage five minutes' walk from the end of the Avenue, the self-appointed emissary of Justice. The old chief in a flaming red shirt and clownish yellow trousers perched on the top step puffing at a long-stemmed cob pipe, his bronze features showing no sign that he heard the words Danny spoke. Kate, in pale blue gingham, sat in a porch swing facing the caller, her loveliness shaming the very roses in the background. And Danny Phelan balanced on the edge of his chair, his cap twirling nervously on the end of a powerful digit declared to them the truth about Garber's scheme, knowing full well that his words fell on incredulous ears.

The old chief removed the pipe stem from his lips the slightest fraction of an inch and replied in words of solemn gravity.

"Wetumka cannot believe the words of the white officer. White men steal Indians' land and money; white men's laws protect them, and white officer part of law. Wetumka no trust white officer of law. Garber great good friend. Fight hard for Creeks in councils of white men. Wetumka no believe he do big steal; no believe he say lie. Garber no say land desert. Wetumka believe white boy lie."

"Say, you're gettin' this all wrong!" protested Danny. "It ain't the laws that beats you. It's the durn skunks like Garber that side-steps the laws."

"Ugh! Why law no makeum drill oil on Wetumka's land? Say no oil; stop drill. All 'round much oil. Why law no stop Garber if Garber do big steal and law good for Creeks?"

Danny squirmed uneasily on the edge of his chair, mutely conscious of the old man's logic. Instinctively his eyes sought the girl's face as though to find a more appreciative listener. Her great dark eyes rested on him questioningly, almost sorrowfully. There was no laughter in her voice as she spoke this time.

"Danny Phelan, it's too bad you're a cop."

"Why?" Danny asked. "Why do you say that?"

"Gracious! Can't you see you're part of the law? You can't be our friend. You're the supporter of the laws that defraud the Creeks."

Danny Phelan knew that he stood condemned in her sight by the very insignia in which he gloried. She had no knowledge of the honor and trust of his position. She knew only that unscrupulous men, claiming the sanction and support of the law, had defrauded her people. Danny Phelan represented that law and therefore was a creature to be dreaded and despised. The realization stirred rebellion in Danny's breast.

"Kate Wetumka," he declared firmly, "I'm an officer of the law, and proud of it. I've never told a lie since I've been big enough to know better. And I'm speaking the truth when I tell you that Garber is stealing your land."

"Then, since you're an officer, why don't you stop him?"

Here was a challenge fair and open. Danny flushed crimson. That was the very question he had asked himself—and one he couldn't answer. An explanation of Garber's evasion of legal complications would be worse than meaningless; besides the reputation of the universal brotherhood of cops was at stake, and Danny was not the one to sacrifice it.

"Sure, I intend to stop him," he declared. "Only it'd save complications if the chief here would call off the deal till he sees what he's tradin' for."

"Wetumka has spoken," replied the old man replacing the pipe-stem between his lips.

"All right," said Danny. "I reckon you've got plenty of reasons to be suspicious. But I'm tellin' you, Miss Wetumka, I'm going to stop this trade and I'm going to prove to you I'm tellin' the truth even if I have to fight every crooked politician in Oklahoma to do it."

An automobile stopped at the gate. Garber himself and Henderson, the alleged Arizona trader, approached. The old chief, pretending not to notice them, cunningly took up the broken thread of discussion.

"Beyond the setting sun is the land where no white man lives. The Creeks go there. Here much white people, much liquor, much money make young Creeks bad. Yonder we have not these things. You say the land beyond the sunset is desert. Garber no say desert. He say Creeks be happy; have much room."

Garber and Henderson had paused at the bottom step waiting recognition from the old chief. Danny Phelan stood face to face with the man whose word was law in Naylor, but he sought no evasion.

"You're right, chief; you'll have lots of room," he said knowing well that his badge was the price he must pay for his defiance. "No human can live there. It's all sand and cactus. Garber's lying to you. He's cheating you blind because you trust him. It's because of such skunks as him that you distrust the law and the whole white race."

Garber, pompous and self-possessed, showed no sign of resentment. His success in hoodwinking Indians he attributed largely to a knowledge of their stoicism and a cunning in its use. Without a glance at Danny he addressed the old chief in the solemn monotone of one versed in Indian custom.

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Do you do this, too?

THEY'RE very strict in the police department at inspection time. And this officer's problem used to be watching his coat collar—dandruff.

Not any more, though, because now he's learned a way to correct it. If you're troubled the same way you'll be glad for this suggestion.

* * *

The unsightly "white coat collar"—showered with dandruff—is rapidly going out of style.

And the way to correct it is a very simple one. Just mark down the following statement as a fact:

Listerine and dandruff do not get along together. Try the Listerine treatment if you doubt it.

Just apply Listerine, the safe antiseptic, to the scalp. Generously; full strength. Massage it in vigorously for several minutes and enjoy that clean, tingling, exhilarating feeling it brings.

After such a treatment you *know* your scalp is antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair, free from that nuisance—and danger signal of baldness—dandruff.

You'll thank us for passing this tip along to you. It's a new use for an old friend—*Listerine.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE —*the safe antiseptic*

We have a special circular concerning the use of Listerine for Dandruff. Would you like a copy? Drop us a postal.

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"The great chief of the Creeks has heard the white officer speak. The great chief knows that Garber is the friend of the Creeks. He knows that he has fought for them in the councils of the white fathers and that he wishes the Creeks much happiness. Garber knows that beyond the setting sun where no white man lives they will be happy. The white officer has lied to Wetumka. The great Wetumka knows that Garber speaks the truth."

"The white boy lie," repeated Wetumka.

Danny Phelan rose to his stalwart height and surveyed the group with a defiant eye.

"Chief, when you learn the truth about this, remember it was a cop that told you. And say, Garber, this is one crooked deal you're not goin' to pull—not if Danny Phelan can stop it. Good morning, chief. Good morning, Miss Wetumka."

As he turned at the gate he glanced back. Kate stood on the top step framed by the climbing roses a foil for her beauty. The south wind caught her gingham garment about her in delicate, experimental touches; it brushed the bloom in her cheeks and swept her black silky hair in tantalizing waves. Danny felt an audacious desire to rush back and embrace her; to defy all men and precedent; to conquer her by the very vehemence of his passion and assure her that all oil and graft and sand dunes might be hanged so long as she believed in him. But for the sake of his badge he could not, so Officer Phelan checked the wild impulse.

Back on the Avenue Danny located Thrifty, the taxi-driver. A hasty trip to Gordon's office to learn the identity of the various victims of Garber's plot, and then he and Thrifty drove scores of miles visiting them. He soon learned that the old chief was not alone in his suspicions of the craftiness of white men. A guttural "see chief" or "Wetumka know" in every case defeated his efforts.

"I ain't hearin' a great deal of these monologues," commented Thrifty, "but the signs all indicate nothing doin'. Now if there's anything Thrifty Collins can do——"

"Thanks, Thrifty. Find me a reliable old Creek to send to Arizona to see the land Garber's tradin' 'em. They don't believe me when I tell 'em it's a sand pile; they wouldn't believe any other white man. But they would believe one of their own people."

"Old Caddo's your man," cried Thrifty enthusiastically. "That old Injun that lugs baggage for passengers down at the station. He'll do anything for a quarter or a drink so long as there's no work to it. And if he can stay sober long enough to make the trip, he's your man."

"In that case," said Danny, "you go with him and keep him sober. I'm payin' expenses. And make it snappy. Speed is the word, Thrifty."

"Four days is the quickest we can make it," said Thrifty doubtfully.

"Thrifty," declared Danny, "I'm trustin' you. I'll look for you back in four days. And I'll hold this deal off that long even if I have to fight the state militia."

That evening the old chief was not in his usual corner. Over the counter Kate informed Danny that the kick of a mule on the old man's knee had confined him to the house. Therefore there were duties for Officer Phelan more important than quieting boisterous merry-makers in Urban Duffee's dance hall. At nine he dropped into step beside Kate as she left Newlin's.

"I'll see you home, Miss Wetumka," said Danny.

"Thanks," she said simply. "I'm not one bit afraid, but I suppose policemen are supposed to do something useful at times."

Another challenge. Danny Phelan as champion of all cops who are lightly regarded by the Kate Wetumkas of the world accepted it.

"We cops are paid to protect the treasures of the world."

In the glare of a street light she looked at him in surprise. Danny intercepted her reply. The audacity of love at war against odds possessed him.

"Kate Wetumka, you know I love you. Yet you pretend not to trust me. You despise a cop; and I reckon you're honest in it. Been raised that way. But I'm tellin' you I'm proud to be one. And I'm going to fight Garber and his bunch of crooks as long as I've got a fist to swing."

"Danny Phelan," she said wonderously, "it's too bad you're a cop."

The power of the domineering Garber was promptly displayed. There was consternation in headquarters the next morning when Chief Sam Bentley announced that he had instructions to remove Danny from the force. And consternation gave way to wrathful protests when Danny explained the cause of his dismissal. A chorus of voices demanded justice, rebellion by the entire force, anything to save their comrade. But Danny quieted it.

"It's my fight, boys. I started it, and I'll finish it. Probably I'll lose, but I'll go down with colors flyin'. And if old Caddo gets back in time we'll make Garber look sick."

But his hand trembled as he laid his badge and club on the chief's desk, and his voice failed as he grasped the hands of the men in silent farewell.

"Danny," said Sam Bentley, "if ever I can help you, whistle." And that coming from the chief was equal to an alliance.

The news that Garber had discharged Danny spread quickly over the Avenue, leaving resent-

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CITY OF NEW YORK
OFFICE OF THE
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ment and bitter words in its wake. Men admired and loved Danny Phelan; they hated and feared Sam Garber. His power in Naylor was due to the fact that in the ceaseless rush of oil-field life men have little time or inclination to look after municipal affairs. Garber and his bunch had schemed for power while other men worked, and the Avenue knew it.

"It's a cussed shame," lamented Ike LaDuke, ex-ranchman, in tones that caused the tools on the wall of his pine garage to rattle. "Danny Phelan's the squarest cop ever pinched a boozer. Me? Why when somebody says the word I'm ready to string that Garber to the nearest derrick!" And Ike expressed the sentiment of the Avenue.

And Danny, abashd by the expressions of sympathy he received, retreated from the Avenue into Gus Ray's tonsorial Parlor from where, while apparently engaged in reading the day's news, he could keep a watchful eye on the Municipal Building across the Avenue. It was there that the trade would be made, and with Gordon's assertion that the titles would be ready any day, Danny determined that nothing should happen unobserved by him. But that day passed without incident.

At nine o'clock, resplendent in a checkered suit which was perfectly matched by a four-in-hand and pearl grey Fedora, Danny surveyed himself approvingly in Gus's mirror and then took his place beside Kate as she came from Newlin's.

She showed no surprise at his change in apparel, a fact not surprising since the Avenue talk must have reached her.

"Danny Phelan," she said as he dropped into step beside her, "you are no longer a cop. Why do you now insist on taking me home?"

"Do you suppose I'd let you walk this Avenue alone after dark?" Danny asked in surprise.

"I'm not afraid," she replied with assurance.

"I know it," Danny stated. "But you should be, I'm going to see you home."

"Wetumka will be very angry," she declared. "He was displeased last night, but I quieted him by telling him it was your duty as an officer. But now it's different. I refuse to permit you to walk with me."

And then Danny Phelan did a surprising thing. Grasping Kate's arm he stopped her under a street light and spoke to her in words of menacing calmness.

"Kate Wetumka, can't you trust me? You, I mean, not the old chief, but Kate Wetumka herself?"

"Danny Phelan," she said, carefully weighing her words, "I have always been taught that no officer can be trusted. And I have always looked upon Mr. Garber as a noble friend. You, a policeman, accuse him of terrible wrongs. It is hard to believe you."

Danny did not flinch before her candid gaze. He knew to expect such undisguised truth from her.

"Kate, I love you. I've told you that before. That's the reason I'm fighting Garber. This oil land belongs to you and your people, and Garber's goin' to steal it if I don't stop him. But it's for something more than that I'm fightin' for. I don't give a whoop for the whole Creek nation nor for all the greasy oil in Oklahoma. It's you! I'm going to prove to you that there's one cop who's just as honest as any Indian that ever skinned a buffalo."

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh!"

And Danny's heart surged strong with hope. If Caddo only returned in time!

Down the Avenue a group of drunken "roustabouts" engaged in a loud brawl. Instinctively her hand sought the protection of his arm. Great is the reward of the valiant!

Another day and there was unusual activity among Garber's underlings. Danny strolled into the office of Bill Downing, City Clerk. Bill included a few quiet words of information in his greeting.

"Everything's set. Jed Hawkins has gone out to herd in the sheep. Shear 'em tomorrow." Which was Bill's way of letting it be known that tomorrow was the day the trade would be completed.

Tomorrow was one day too soon! Two days yet before Caddo could be there! In the parking lot adjoining Danny, looking through the window, saw Jed Hawkins worming his car out of the congestion. Danny took a chance. Hastily running out the back door he slipped into the touring car behind Jed.

At dusk that evening the crew from a drill rig in the Black Creek bottom found a touring car beside the infrequently traveled trail leading to their location. Jed Hawkins was tied to the steering wheel. When cut loose he made uncomplimentary remarks about some unknown person.

"Grabbed me from behind! Don't know when I picked him up. Never even got to see him. Drove me down this cow trail and here I've set since two o'clock waitin' for help."

And Danny, on the Avenue, grinned with grim relief when he saw Jed drive back into town. It was too late for him to summon the victims for the trade tomorrow. One day saved!

But an hour later Ed Ragland rushed into Danny's room puffing with excitement and exertion.

"Beat it, Danny! Garber's handed Sam a warrant for ye fer assultin' Jed Hawkins. Moirder ye should a made it! Beat it out the back way to my place."

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Left—Model 10—Fether-Wate Summer Style.

Right—Model 20—Fether-Wate Winter Style with band up.

Model 20—Fether-Wate Winter Style with band down, affording protection for neck and ears in stormy and coldweather.

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"Run the Divil! Why? He has no evidence."

"What'n th' 'ell he need of ividence whin he's got a warrant?" retorted Ed. "Ye'll not git out to do no fightin' if Garber wanst gits ye locked up."

Hiding like a fugitive from justice is far removed from fighting for justice. Danny's spirits sank to dismal depths. Right is right and wrong is wrong; but there's authority to be reckoned with.

"Authority! Who's got authority?" he demanded so fiercely that Ed Ragland just coming in, instinctively felt for his club. "To hell with Garber! I ain't goin' to hide out like a scared rabbit!"

But Ed's bulk blocked the door.

"Ye'll stay in this room till I let ye out," Ed declared. "And don't cuss so loud. Ye'll have me fired fer hidin' ye."

The following morning Jed Hawkins again started on his round, this time accompanied by a black-hatted stranger with a bulky hip pocket. Thrifty and Caddo arrived on the five-ten east bound. Thrifty was gushing with news.

"Sand! I wallered old Caddo in sand up to his eyes! I led him afoot over miles of sand as hot as a stove lid and inhabited by whole tribes of tarantulas and rattle snakes. I stuffed him full of the scenery—cactus and sand, that's the color scheme. You couldn't have coaxed that Injun to stay in that place another minute with a bar full of drinks. This happy hunting ground delusion is going to look like the back stage scenery of a busted war drammer after old Caddo talks to them copper faces."

At nine the following morning, Danny Phelan slipped into the back door of Gus Ray's barber shop. Thrifty and Caddo should have been there; but they were not. According to arrangements they were to watch until the old Creeks had assembled about the Municipal Building, then Caddo was to tell them the truth about Garber's scheme.

Looking across the Avenue Danny saw the victims already gathering; aged Creeks drawn to the sacrifice by the alluring promises of tribal freedom. In answer to Garber's summons they had come to sign away their titles to the coveted oil land. It was a gala day, this day of final preparation for the return to the beloved Elysium of tribal liberty. The men, resplendent in their flashiest blankets, squatted about the entrance in silence. The women in multi-colored skirts cut on the Mother Goose pattern, gathered in little groups and chattered with expressionless rapidity. Then out from the Municipal Building came Garber greeting his victims with vociferous "Hows" and circulating amongst them with boisterous geniality. Danny Phelan, in an agony of apprehension, cast caution to the winds and dashed into the street. Where, oh where, was Caddo? Now was the time for action!

Thrifty Collins sped the Avenue, defying all speed regulations, as badly excited as Danny.

"He's gone!" Thrifty gasped.

"Gone!" echoed Danny.

"I swear I put him to bed last night!" Thrifty cried piteously. "He's not in his room; not at the depot; not in jail. Nobody's seen him!"

"He's drunk some place," asserted Danny.

"He promised not; and he hadn't a cent. Besides if he's drunk why can't I find him?"

Danny grasped Thrifty's shoulder in a grip as tense as a guy-wire.

"You mean Garber's got him? Did you let Caddo talk?"

"Not a word, boss. I swear I didn't let him outta my sight till I put him in his room. But they musta tumbled. Caddo didn't *run* away. He was anxious to meet 'em."

"Garber's got him!" repeated Danny slowly as though numbed by the realization. His head dropped forward; his body sagged. "Garber's got him!" he repeated, his eyes searching Thrifty's face helplessly.

A car stopped at the curb between them and the Creeks. It was Garber's car, and Wetumka and Kate were in it. Garber himself stepped quickly forward to assist them. Then silently, with slow and stately tread, Kate beside him, the old chief approached the steps. The tribesmen respectfully fell in line behind them.

Danny Phelan straightened up with a snap. Six inches seemed added to his height. His eyes blazed. His nostrils dilated with quick sharp breathing. He took one step in the direction of the crowd when Thrifty grabbed his arm.

"You can't stop that bunch, Danny. They'll gang you. Garber's spoilin' to get hold of you to lock you up. You ain't got a chance!"

Danny shook him off as he might a school boy.

"To hell with 'em! As long as I've got a fist to swing I'll fight 'em!"

An instant later he had darted up the steps ahead of the others and had disappeared inside the hallway.

Within three minutes Thrifty was speaking hasty, bitter words to Chief Sam Bentley in headquarters. The chief listened and then snapped his harness viciously about his waist.

"Put every man on the force to hunting Caddo," he commanded the two off-duty cops who were hanging around. "I'll look over Bootlegger Charlie's joint myself."

On the steps of the Municipal Building Danny Phelan's stalwart form blocked the door to the city clerk's office, and Danny was explaining to Garber and the bunch of heelers that followed

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"His Tail Between His Legs"

What most men would see if they could see themselves

MOST men are being whipped every day in the battle of life. Many have already reached the stage where they have **THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS.**

They are afraid of everything and everybody. They live in a constant fear of being deprived of the pitiful existence they are leading. Vaguely they hope for **SOMETHING TO TURN UP** that will make them unafraid, courageous, independent.

While they hope vainly, they drift along, with no definite purpose, no definite plan, nothing ahead of them but old age. The scourgings of life do not help such men. In fact, the more lashes they receive at the hands of fate, the more **COWED** they become.

What becomes of these men? They are the wage slaves. They are the "little-business" slaves, the millions of clerks, storekeepers, bookkeepers, laborers, assistants, secretaries, salesmen. They are the millions who work and sweat and—**MAKE OTHERS RICH AND HAPPY!**

The pity of it is, nothing can **SHAKE THEM** out of their complacency. Nothing can stir them out of the mental rut into which they have sunk.

Their wives, too, quickly lose ambition and become slaves—slaves to their kitchens, slaves to their children, slaves to their husbands—slaves to their homes. And with such examples before them, what hope is there for their children **BUT TO GROW UP INTO SLAVERY.**

Some men, however, after years of cringing, turn on life. They **CHALLENGE** the whipper. They discover, perhaps to their own surprise, that it isn't so difficult as they imagined, **TO SET A HIGH GOAL**—and reach it! Only a few try—it is true—but that makes it easier for those who **DO** try.

The rest quit. They show a yellow streak as broad as their backs. They are through—and in their hearts they know it. Not that they are beyond help, but that they have acknowledged defeat, laid down their arms, stopped using their heads, and have simply said to life, "Now do with me as you will."

What about **YOU?** Are you ready to admit that you are through? Are you content to sit back and wait for something to turn up? Have you shown a yellow streak in **YOUR** Battle of Life? Are you satisfied to keep your wife and children—and yourself—enslaved? **ARE YOU AFRAID OF LIFE?**

Success is a simple thing to acquire when you know its formula. The first ingredient is a grain of **COURAGE.** The second is a dash of **AMBITION.** The third is an ounce of **MENTAL EFFORT.** Mix the whole with your God-given faculties and no power on earth can keep you from your desires, be they what they may.

Most people actually use about **ONE-TENTH** of their brain capacity. It is as if they were deliberately trying to remain twelve years old mentally. They do not profit by the experience they have gained, nor by the experience of others.

You can develop these God-given faculties by yourself—without outside help; or you can do as **SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND** other people have done—study Pelmanism.

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The late Sir H. Rider-Haggard. Famous novelist.
Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.
Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist.

What most men would see if they could see themselves

General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.
Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.
Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.
W. L. George, Author.
Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.
Admiral Lord Beresford, G. C. B., G. C. V. O.
Baroness Orczy, Author.
Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind-Training," has been written about Pelmanism. **IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE.** Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who **NEED** this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed above.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS,** and what it can do for you.

The first principle of **YOUR** success is to do something radical in your life. You cannot make just an ordinary move, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you **FIND YOURSELF.** Mail the coupon below now—now while your resolve to **DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF** is strong.

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him that no admittance would be allowed, while Garber loudly demanded that somebody go for a cop.

"You can't come in," Danny told him "You're here on a dishonest mission of graft, and I'm here to stop it. There's just two ways that you can get to them papers. Either bring back old Injun Caddo and let him tell these Creeks the truth about that land; or walk over Danny Phelan. Ye're afraid to do either. You kidnapped old Caddo, ye dirty cowards, because you knew he'd squash your deal. But you don't pull any more crooked stunts. My fists is itchin' to feel the craniums of ivery sneakin' coward in the bunch. Come on in! Ye're six to one! And it's worth a million dollars to ye. Come on, you sneaks!"

Somebody rushed back with the information that headquarters were locked and not a cop was to be found.

"It's a damned trick!" roared Garber. "They're hidin' out! I'll fire 'em, every man! Come on, men, we're going in!"

Behind Garber's party loomed the blanketed figure of the old chief who watched the proceedings with the eye of an eagle and the face of a sphinx. Beside him Kate stood tensely gripping the edge of his blanket, her eyes wide with fright. For one instant Danny's eyes, brilliant with the light of battle, met hers. And in that glance the blindness of racial prejudice was swept away. She saw in Danny Phelan a man who in the face of inevitable defeat and mutilation was defying men and authority and power—for her! Instinctively she pressed toward him.

"Danny! Danny, don't!" she cried. But the old chief quickly drew her back and her plea was drowned in the roar of voices.

The fight that followed will have a lasting place in the memories of those who saw it. For a few minutes Danny's capable fists kept the doorway clear of the foe. The clerk left the field of the impending battle by way of the window. Out near the curb Thrifty Collins, his knees on the shoulders of two husky Creeks, watched the first two victims of Danny's sledge hammer blows sprawl across the sidewalk, then he sped up the Avenue shouting:

"Garber's gang's a mobbin' Danny Phelan!"

Superior weight and numbers forced Danny back into the hall. There he fought with the madness and strength of a jungle beast. The blows of frenzied men fell on him as ineffectively as drops of water. Men leaped upon his back only to be sent crashing into the faces of their fellows. About the door a score of dusky, wrinkled faces formed a tense, graven circle. The old chief, his eyes bright with the sight of battle, stretched a right arm like the bough of an oak across the doorway effectively barring it against the entrance of a frenzied little creature who fought and pleaded and shouted above the turmoil of battle: "Oh, Danny! Danny!"

At last somebody landed a blow with an office stool, and Danny went down taking half the attacking force with him. Then a crowd surged through the hall, swept aside the group of aged spectators, and with rough and ready hands pulled the combatants off the prostrate form of Danny. Strong men hurried them outside, while Thrifty Collins chucked off his coat, placed it as a pillow under the head of the unconscious Danny, and rushed out to summon a doctor.

Outside the entire day-light population of Naylor, put on the alert by the search for Caddo and roused by the cry of battle, was hastily assembling in the Avenue. Angry men led Garber and his half-dozen associates to the entrance, and, heedless of their terrible threats and curses, lined them upon the little platform before the door. Angry voices shouted threats. The fight had roused the long suppressed mob-spirit. But Attorney Gordon, seeing the danger, took a place before the accused men and made himself heard above the roar of voices.

"Men, listen to me! You know I'm with you. But let's do this thing right. Mob action will get us into trouble! Danny Phelan fought this bunch like a man. Let's fight 'em like men, too. Lock 'em up and try 'em on every charge we can bring against 'em."

There was a clamor of protest. Loud curses condemned the law, Garber, the whole corrupt political ring. There were cries of "String 'em up!" "Horse whip 'em!" The crowd surged against the platform. But Gordon again made himself heard.

"Men, if Danny Phelan was out here he'd fight to protect these men because he believes in law and order. Let's not disgrace his triumph! These men are whipped! You can see it. Danny Phelan whipped 'em!"

A cheer sounded from some capable throat; it echoed from hundreds. Such a cheer as never before disturbed the pine board walls along the Avenue rang and reverberated to the furthermost shack.

Then Garber, realizing the crisis was past, raised his hand demanding attention. He started to speak, but his first half-formed word died out in a harsh gasp. An unkempt figure had crawled from beneath the platform and stood pointing an accusing finger and speaking bitter words. It was old Caddo! During the night he had stolen to the rendezvous of his associates where his boasting of the morrow's mission had won him many drinks. Then stupidly conscious of his perfidy he had hidden under the steps

(*Continued on page* 52)

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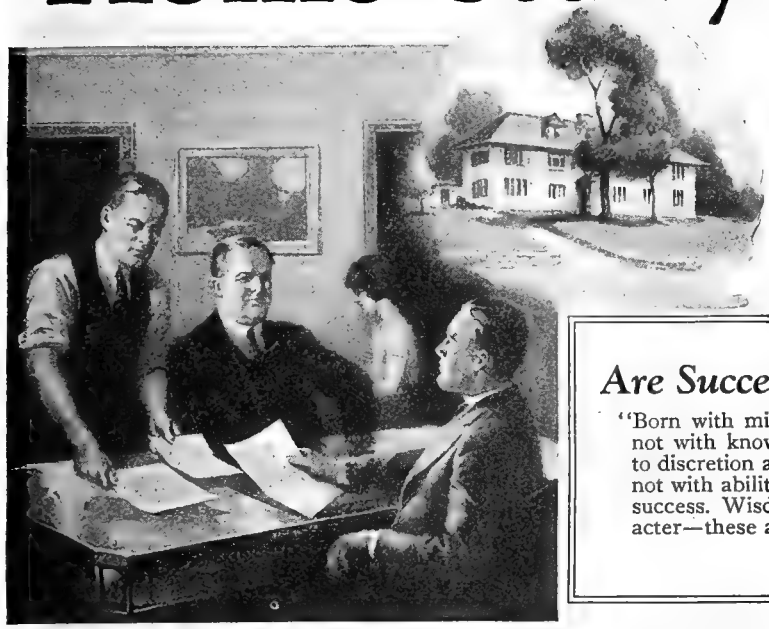

Are Successful Men Born or Made?

"Born with mind but not with wisdom; born with intellect but not with knowledge; born with power to discern, but not born to discretion and sound judgment; born with adaptabilities but not with abilities; born, it may be, with wealth, but not born to success. Wisdom, knowledge, discretion, judgment, ability, character—these are ***attainments,*** not bestowments or inheritances."

—The Kansas Banker.

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We are all looking forward to successful careers. If an employe, you want a better position. That is the first step up. If an employer, you want to improve the business you manage.

Business cannot pay you for ideas and plans which you do not deliver, and this applies to owner and employe alike. Neither can Business pay you for ***learning*** business.

If you desire success, your day must be filled with achievement—doing things. Contemplation, analysis, acquiring the experience of others, must come ***after*** the gong rings at night.

Broadly speaking, everyone who reads these words falls into one of three groups; in fact, this analysis really constitutes a measuring stick by which you can measure the degree of success which you will probably enjoy:

Group 1—Those who are making no effort to increase their business knowledge and ability aside from the limited experience which comes as a result of each day's work.

Group 2—Those who, more or less consistently, are reading constructive literature pertaining to their specialties or field, but who follow no organized plan.

Group 3—Those who consistently follow a definite, well-organized, step-by-step plan, which embraces not only the best experience in their specialty, but also shows the relationship of their job to the fabric of business as a whole.

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Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

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(*Continued from page* 50)

of the Municipal Building in intoxicated stupor until aroused by the loud hurrahs of the crowd. Now hatless, frowsy, covered with the doorstep accumulation of dust and cobwebs, bewildered but sober, he pointed at Garber and shouted hoarsely.

"Big liar! Trade Injun heap desert! Much sand; much cactus. Caddo tellum chief!"

A lithe figure leaped upon him, grabbed a frazzled leg and literally tossed him upon the platform. It was Thrifty..

"You durned old soaked up weasel! Get in there and tell that to the big chief! Here you was hid out like a groundhog while we was cryin' our eyes out fer you."

In the clerk's office old Doc Bailey was trying to hold the revived Danny captive long enough to apply bandages to his damaged head.

"Let me up," Danny demanded angrily. "Where's Garber? Did they get them papers? Get out, I tell you, with your tape and pill bag!"

Then two delectable arms flew around his neck.

"Danny," Kate whispered in his ear, "the papers are still in the safe. We must stay here and guard them."

"Why sure; we'll do that," agreed Danny.

Old Chief Wetumka appeared in the doorway. "How?" he asked.

"Me? Why I'm feelin' fine," declared Danny Phelan.

"Heap good fight," grunted the old man approvingly. "Wetumka see. Garber liar. Caddo say all sand and cactus. Indians no can live on desert. Chief gettum make white boy guardian. Give big stomp dance when Danny marry Kate."

Dorothy's Defiance

(*Continued from page* 13)

as ever was bobbed. "That *would* be thrilling!"

"That wouldn't be a sin," her father replied. "Neither would I expect you to crochet every night."

A pause. Dorothy thought silence might be diplomatic. Old man Devine studied her from beneath his heavy brows. He admitted to himself that she was as beautiful as seventeen well can be—as beautiful, in fact, as seventeen may be from the slanting downward side of fifty, which is beautiful indeed.

"By the way," he went on, conversationally, "who is this young chap who's coming around so much lately. This McCray?"

"He's from Boston," Dorothy told him. "He's a broker."

"M-m-McCray—I don't seem to have heard of him."

"That doesn't bar him from polite society, does it?"

"Not if polite society consists of what you've been running around with," snapped Devine, rising angrily.

The girl rose too, facing him. Her blue eyes narrowed and gleamed. There was a good deal of similarity in their expressions as they stood there.

"All you talk about is the Charleston and McCray," Devine was the first to break an electric silence. "I'm sick of it. Tonight, young lady, you stay home. If your mother were alive——"

"She'd understand what a—what a—dam—fool you are," the girl burst out, losing all control.

Devine opened his mouth to speak and the words caught in his throat. It wasn't that he was surprised at his daughter's outburst. He was angry and at the same time conscious of his physician's warnings. There rang in his mind always the suave voice of the doctor: "Just one rush of blood and that may finish you, Devine."

"Go to your room," said the old man. "And stay there. I'll take care of any callers."

Dorothy Devine turned and without a word left the library. He heard her slender little heels tapping angrily as she moved up the stairs. He went back to his deep-seated chair before the big open fireplace and sat there for a long time.

In a home like that of the Devines the doorbells ring softly back in the servants' hall. The butler answers it quietly and admits the guest.

Old Robert Devine, deep in his thoughts while he stretched out in the library, did not hear the bell. Neither did he become aware that a youth in evening dress idled in another room while Terrence, the butler, went up to advise Miss Dorothy.

She came presently, slim and soft beneath an amber gown that clung to her youthful curves when she moved and suggested them when she was in repose.

"Hello, Jimmy," she said softly. "I didn't keep you waiting long."

"Not nearly so long as I'd wait—just to see you," replied the young man gracefully.

He was quite striking in his dinner suit, the blondness of his hair and moustache contrasting well against the black. And then too, he had the blase manner, the lack of enthusiasm, which becomes modern youth so well in its own eyes and sets age agog with apoplectic resentment.

(*Continued on page* 54)

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(*Continued from page* 52)

They went out together to a yellow roadster that lay waiting on the avenue before the house. The great doors swung silently behind them and the motor made scarcely a sound. Terrence, watching the car draw away, shook his head briefly and went back to the pantry to talk with his subordinates.

It was after eleven o'clock when Robert Devine stirred himself and sat upright rubbing his eyes. He glanced at the clock over the fireplace and hastily jerked out his watch, comparing the hour. Then, with a heavy sigh, he went on out into the hall and up the stairs. Terrence, hearing his footsteps, came forward.

"Shall I wait for Miss Dorothy, sir, or——"

Halfway up the stairs, Devine paused. "No, Terrence. Miss Dorothy is staying home this evening."

"Beg pardon, sir, but——"

"But what?"

"Miss Dorothy went out sir, some hours ago. I should say, sir, it was about nine o'clock."

"She did, eh."

"Oh, yes sir."

"Alone?"

"No sir. Mr. McCray called for her. They went out together in his car."

Devine nodded heavily. "I see. I didn't know she was going. Well, go on to bed, Terrence. She has latchkey, I suppose."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

While Terrence went around switching off the lights downstairs, Devine sat in the big, luxurious room that had been his and his wife's. He was extremely unhappy and more puzzled, perhaps, than he had ever been before in his life.

Several times while he sat there a clock boomed hollowly downstairs, but he kept no track of time. His door was ajar and he knew that when Dorothy came in he would hear her. He had no intention of going to bed until she came in. It was not until his eyes began to close in spite of him that Devine looked at his watch. It told him that the hour was one o'clock. Not time for her yet. Another hour at least, more likely three hours, he thought.

He settled more deeply in his chair. Almost as soon as he did so, Devine caught the muffled sound of the bell ringing in the servants' hall. He started to rise, but sank down again when he recognized the even footfalls of Terrence the faithful, as he responded. In a few moments the butler tapped on his door.

"A telegram for you, sir."

The man held a silver tray bearing the familiar envelope. He came forward and Devine took the message. He read it quickly and started.

"Who brought this?" he demanded.

"A boy, sir—a messenger boy."

"Get police headquarters on the telephone," came the abrupt command.

With a little bleat almost of terror, the gray haired servant wheeled and hurried across the room to the desk telephone. The connection was made quickly.

"This is Robert Devine." The old millionaire's voice was steady and so, too, was the hand which held the telegram.

"I have a case of a private nature," he continued. "An emergency case. I'd like to have the best man you can spare. I'll pay for his services—gladly. I prefer police detectives to the private agencies, that's all. And I don't want this to get into the newspapers . . . yes . . . you have a man? . . . That's very good . . . . send him up right away please . . . thank you."

Turning from the telephone Devine found old Terrence shifting unhappily from one foot to the other.

"Is anything wrong with Miss Dorothy, sir, if I may ask?"

"I don't know, Terrence." For the first time Devine's voice broke and his iron nerve weakened. The telephone bell sounded sharply and the old butler pounced upon it nimbly.

"Yes sir, just a moment, sir," he said, and handed the instrument to Devine.

"This is McCray." The voice came over the wire softly. "You received Dorothy's telegram?"

"I did."

"Well," continued the silky voice, "I'm calling to find out how you feel about it. Of course, if you wish it, she may come home—providing I am compensated properly." A little laugh.

"You rotten——", barked Devine, "I spotted you the first time I ever saw you."

"That's beastly talk on the wire," admonished the unshaken voice. "The operator might hear you . . . but as I was saying, Dorothy doesn't want to marry me . . . That is, she doesn't right now. Before morning, I think she probably will want to—very much——"

"God, I want to talk to you—face to face—you——" Devine's heavy voice quivered.

"Money talks to me—nothing else," came the reply. "What do you say, Mr. Devine? Twenty-five thousand isn't important money to you."

"Certainly I'll pay it, you——"

Faintly, but so distinctly that he recognized it. Dorothy's voice pierced his eardrums; "Daddy—please—please come and get me—please——"

"Then you agree?" from the soft-voiced man; "You've got the terms in the telegram. I'll wait one more hour, Mr. Devine. Good night."

Frantically Devine toyed with the receiver in his attempt to get the operator. She replied presently in that cool, familiar drawl that rings

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in the nightmares of extremely nervous people:

"Number please."

"What—who was that call from—where was it from—the call I just had?" pleaded Devine, all trace of his calm dissolving.

"Your party hung up. Number please."

"Oh damn your number!" The old man chucked the telephone to the table where it lay with the receiver dangling, making little croaking sounds in its mechanism.

"Terrence, read this." Devine passed the now crumpled telegram to the butler. With trembling fingers he held the paper while his eyes traveled from line to line, bulging fish-like in his eagerness. Then the old serving man looked up and shook his head.

"If I may say so, sir, I never liked this McCray person."

"Well, you see he likes you," replied Devine. "He wants you to carry the money. That's plain enough. He'll turn Dorothy over to you when you've given his agents the cash. I'm not sure that I have that much money in the house. I doubt it. But I'll get it together——"

The doorbell sounded below. Mechanically, Terrence straightened his coat and moved off precisely with the measured step that had come to be natural. He opened the door to face a very bland young man with a breadth of shoulder and a height that belittled him, yet Terrence was a large man himself.

"Headquarters," said the caller, easily. "Mr. Devine is expecting me."

"Yes indeed, sir." Terrence bowed and stepped aside.

Closing the door he led the way to the library. "Mr. Devine will be down immediately, sir," he spoke with visible agitation. "Please be seated."

"Thanks." The detective chose a large leather chair and made himself comfortable.

Devine came down quickly, his wondering old servitor hovering close behind him. The man from headquarters rose lightly.

"My name is Taylor, Mr. Devine—Bill Taylor." He revealed a bronze shield pinned beneath his coat lapel. "Headquarters said you wanted a man right away."

Devine studied him for a moment, then nodded. "You look young to be a detective," he said. "But youth does all sorts of things nowadays, doesn't it?" he added. "Well, here's your—case, you call it, I believe. My daughter has been kidnapped by a damned cutthroat named McCray."

Except for a tightening of his lips, Taylor displayed no emotion. Devine continued steadily, describing the circumstances, the telephone conversation with McCray and finally produced the telegram. Taylor read it and stood up, glancing at his watch.

"You've got the money, of course," he said.

"I have," replied the old man. He had ex-

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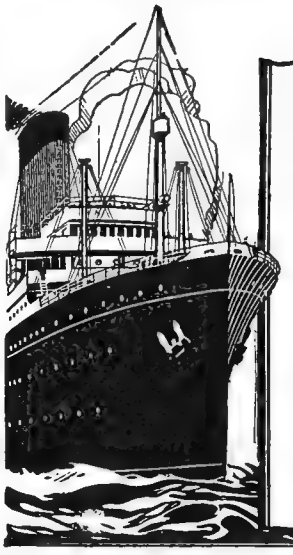

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amined his house safe a few moments earlier.

"Well, just follow the instructions in the message." Taylor spoke as if it were the most ordinary occurrence. "I'll get started. By the way," he looked at Devine oddly, "do you know anything at all about this man McCray? Where he lives, or anything at all about him?"

"No!" Devine exploded the word. "That's the hell of it. My daughter chooses her own friends. I'm an outsider. I've explained that to you—or I intended to. I wouldn't care about that if she interested herself in a real man—if she could judge a man when she saw one."

"I understand." Bill Taylor looked away for a moment. "Well, I'll be reporting to you in an hour or so. Don't worry too much."

He went out and the crumpled sheet of paper bearing McCray's message was in his hand. At the door he studied it again before he passed into the darkness and strode away. A few minutes later, when Terrence stood with Devine awaiting a taxicab, there was no sign of the detective nor had a car halted before the house when he arrived.

"Begging your pardon, sir, but do you think I ought to have this?" asked Terrence, gingerly holding the blue automatic which Devine had given him. "I'm not a shooting man, if I may say so, sir."

"Better keep it for company," urged Devine, as the taxi spun around the corner.

Terrence let the gun fall gently into his pocket and stalked majestically out to the curb, feeling the package of bills in his waistcoat and at the same time feeling the thumping of his heart come pounding through them.

While Terrence was moving down the avenue and off at a tangent on a crosstown street where the houses became squat and ugly and the smells unwholesome, Billy Taylor was going about his part of the business after his own fashion. He had come to the Devine home from headquarters in the sidecar of a speedy police motorcycle which had pulled up in a side street a block from the house. The driver was under instructions to wait for him. Accordingly, when he left Devine and Terrence, Taylor returned to the motorcycle.

"It's a good thing we have this bus instead of a car, Jim," he spoke to the driver. "We can use the speed."

"Atta boy," laughed the young man at the wheel, exultantly.

As they sped off on the deserted street strange urges were conflicting in Bill Taylor's mind. His impulse was to go blazing in upon the two men who were to meet old Terrence, force them to give up the secret of Dorothy's whereabouts and then go after her, trusting to luck later to get McCray. But he recognized that as a personal urge, because he loved the girl. The instinct of his father told him something else.

The two accomplices were secondary from the standpoint of the police. Even the immediate apprehension of McCray, or the recovery of the Devine money, amounted to little at the moment. The important think now was to get the girl out of McCray's clutches. She would be where he had placed her—trussed up, probably, or drugged into unconsciousness. It came to Billy Taylor as he sped along in the careening sidecar that his first job was to get McCray. But how? The man was clever. He would cover his tracks with the cunning of experience.

Once more Taylor bent over the brief typewritten note that had come to Devine in the telegraph office envelope. Suddenly he straightened and smiled in the darkness. Reaching over he touched the driver on the arm.

"Never mind the Plaza Pier," he shouted. "Swing uptown. I've got a hunch."

Unquestioningly, the driver shut off power, they slowed for a space and swung into a side street, then turned uptown on a wide, almost deserted boulevard.

The Plaza Pier extended beside the river and behind it toward the city, there was a wide expanse of street, built for the heavy traffic that frequents it by day. Street arcs at intervals a block apart illuminated the place by night. A man walking across this broad sweep of concrete is like a ship on the ocean, visible from all sides for a long way.

It was in the center of the Plaza that old Terrence was to alight from the taxicab, dismiss the driver and wait. From the darkness by the river two men would approach him at divergent angles and pass on. He was to turn and follow the man who passed him on the left side. When he surrendered the money he would be taken to Dorothy's hiding place. The only assurance he had was in the message to Devine. In other words, they could take McCray's promise, or leave it.

Billy visioned this scene as they roared up the boulevard. He found it more and more difficult to refrain from turning back. There would be a little gunplay out there on the Plaza and someone would fail to get up when it was over.

But his police instinct was the stronger. They came into a district notable for its millionaires and its scandals. Presently, they drew up before the ornate white stone hotel known as the Plaza, which was several miles in distance and a world apart in character from the Plaza Pier where old Terrence was waiting in the murky glow of a street arc for the accomplices of James McCray.

"Wait out here for me, Jimmy," said Taylor. "I may be only a minute. Or, I might be quite a while. I'm working the craziest hunch you ever heard of. I'll tell you about it, maybe, after a while."

Jimmy grinned and nodded. He had been driving detectives around on their assignments for

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years and was immune to curiosity and surprise.

Taylor went in beneath the brilliant marquis and across the marble and glass lobby, now nearly deserted. At the desk he leaned over and spoke briefly to the clerk. There was a pause and the clerk nodded and turned to the girl at the switchboard.

"Call Room two-eigthy," he said. "Telegram for Mr. McCray—urgent."

Taylor walked rapidly to the elevator and was rushed upward. At the door of Room 280 he knocked and when it was opened an inch or so, he thrust his foot in heavily and lunged. As he lurched into the room Bill's gun was in his hand. The lights went out with a click as he whirled, facing the door. His pocket flash sent a shaft of radiance out and found his man against the wall.

"Switch on the lights, McCray," Bill commanded evenly.

The room was flooded in radiance again. Standing against the wall McCray was smiling.

"You'll admit I have a right to be surprised," the man said coolly.

"Yes. You expected someone else."

"Perhaps. But to whom am I indebted and all that sort of thing?"

"I thought you knew me. I'm from headquarters." The smile that had been on Bill's lips died and his eyes became hard, blue steel points. "McCray," he spoke slowly, "I want to know where you've got Dorothy Devine—and I want it quick."

McCray shrugged. "I don't know the lady."

"You're a damned liar and a cad," replied Billy. "As it is now, I'm only going to arrest you. But if that girl is hurt——" his jaws tightened and the muscles of his hands rippled involuntarily.

McCray chuckled. "Hurt. My dear fellow, I'm the one who is hurt. Look." He exhibited scratches on his hands and cheeks. "She fought like a little wild-cat."

Bill moved forward a step and McCray raised a protesting hand. "For heaven's sake, man, cut out the melodrama," he exclaimed.

"You needn't worry. I'm not a fool. The girl isn't hurt in the least."

"That's good—especially for you."

"Well, with your permission?" McCray picked up a purple silk dressing gown and got into it.

"You'd better get your clothes on," urged Taylor, dangerously quiet.

"All right. But before we go, Mr.—Mr. Detective, I admit curiosity. Will you do me just one favor?"

"That depends."

"Now that you've got me, will you tell me how you knew where to find me so quickly?"

The young detective looked back at McCray steadily. "Association of ideas," he replied.

McCray looked puzzled. "Just what do you mean?"

"What I said. You're an educated man, Mc-

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Seventh Ave. at 39th St.

Delancey Office
77-79 Delancey Street

Harlem Office
Madison Ave. and 116th St.

Bronx Office
Southern Boulevard at Freeman St.

Cray. Yet you're dumb as hell. Or, you wouldn't have chosen the Plaza Pier to close your dirty deal. Particularly when you were living in the Plaza Hotel. Get it? Plaza Hotel—Plaza Pier—see what I mean? It came to me suddenly. I thought of you looking around for a place to have your helpers meet old Terrence. Why did you choose the Plaza Pier? There are five others just as good. The name—see what I mean? The word Plaza was in your mind because you were staying at the Plaza Hotel under cover—I guess you understand."

"Well, I'll be damned," exclaimed the man, tossing the dressing gown to the floor.

In a moment he turned and made a sweeping bow "I was a jackass," he admitted. "Mr. Detective, I salute you." He made a gesture of resignation with outspread hands.

"Now hustle into your clothes," said Taylor.

"We must meet my—my associates," McCray offered humorously. "I'd hate to let them get away with all that filthy lucre."

Bill looked at him sourly. "Yes. I want them too. But you'd squeal on them anyhow. That's your breed."

"You do me an injustice, really," protested the other, adjusting a collar button. "It isn't that I want to harm them. But they would double cross me without a qualm. That's the way with us——"

* * * * * *

The interior of a taxicab is a place conducive to confidences.

"What was there in that fellow to interest you?" Billy was half turned in his seat so as to face Dorothy Devine fairly. Her hands were folded in her lap and he was fondling them in both his own.

"He could dance the Charleston wonderfully," she replied. "And he drove that roadster like a—like a god."

Billy smiled. "Your father said tonight that your greatest fault was in choosing a man."

"That *was* my greatest fault," she admitted, looking out at the street.

"You mean that it's past tense?" he asked.

Dorothy lowered her bobbed head. "I think you're a man, Billy."

Some moments later they were watching the avenue sweep by just as dawn came up over the housetops. They were very quiet and something in their expressions was poignantly happy.

"Lord, it's been a wonderful dog watch," said Billy, and kissed her again.

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?Fake or Fact?

(*Continued from page* 29)

building in which the sculptor had his studio. The body was taken into the studio, and while it lay there, the sculptor conceived the idea of fooling some of his guests who were to hold a seance there that evening. He hurriedly made a plaster of Paris mould of the dead man's fingers and filled the mould with a rubber-like substance. After allowing the cast to harden he removed the plaster and so obtained a replica of the dead man's hand.

During the course of the seance that night he produced on a piece of lamp-blacked paper finger-prints, which upon investigation proved to correspond exactly with those of the man in the morgue. Much surprise and curiosity were evidenced, but no one was able to explain the mystery. For sometime the sculptor was able to keep his secret, but finally a medium learned it. This medium immediately obtained a position in an undertaking establishment where he found opportunity to secure the finger prints of several of the dead of the wealthy classes. In due time he arranged seances with relatives and convinced them of his genuineness. His method was soon followed by other mediums. There are cases on record where fortunes were at stake because of this sort of fraud. In one case five hundred thousand dollars changed hands upon the identification of the finger prints of a man who had died two years before. His hand had been maimed in an accident and all the scars showed in the impression on the Spirit slate. Fortunately a confession was wrung from the medium, so the money went to the rightful heirs.

Many and varied are the ways of producing photographs of the Spirits. Unfortunately for the study of Spirits and Spiritualism no Spirit has as yet permitted himself to be photographed while engaged in a Spiritual occupation. All pictures on record show a decidedly posed and life-like looking "Spirit." This particular form of "manifestation" was started in Boston by Mr. Wm. Mumler. Thousands flocked to his studio. Soon the stories of Mumler's success were heard everywhere, until finally spirit photographers appeared throughout the United States and in Europe, as well.

From Mumler's first pictures to the present day, Spirit photography has played a large part in the field of Spiritualistic devotion. The art has now advanced to such a stage that it is no longer necessary for one to sit for the photograph. All that is needed is a relic of the departed one, something which either belonged or was of especial interest to the person. This relic is photographed and when the plate is developed there appears beside it as an "extra" the face of the departed—that is, if your imagination is strong enough to create a resemblance. In many cases where photo-

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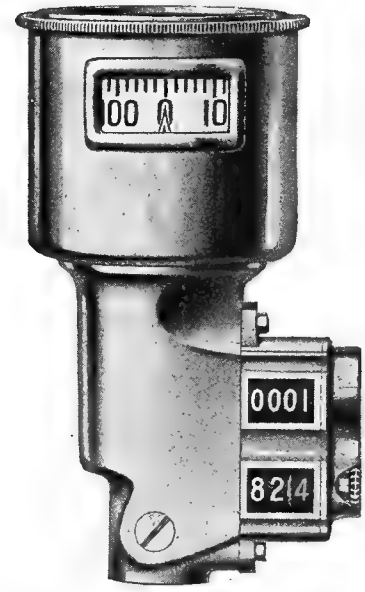

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graphers of this sort have been prosecuted the victims themselves have taken the stand and testified that the photographs were true likenesses of their lost relatives or friends. And these statements were made in the face of admissions on the part of the photographer that the resemblance was pure chance! The success of spirit photography stands as a monument to the unlimited credulity of the followers of spiritualism.

These methods are only a few of the many employed by mediums to produce their "manifestations" and take advantage of the faith and credulity of those who are in sympathy with the superstitions of occultism.

In talking to laymen Houdini finds that as a rule they confine their ideas on spiritualism to seances and mediums, and give little thought to the actual harm that is done to ardent believers—both in the way of mental suffering and financial loss.

To cite an actual case: A young Barnard College student, Miss Marie Bloomfield declared herself in love with a Spirit and finally was driven to suicide in order to join him. The young lady had been an ardent student of Spiritualism and very active in its cause.

Another such case appeared in the "New York Times," on April 27, 1922; John Cornyn of San Francisco shot and killed two of his boys, one seven and the other eight, because, according to the police, he had been in "communication" with his wife who had been dead a year and she "had asked him to send all of their five children to her."

In March, 1920, it was reported in the papers that the craze for the Ouija boards, with which it was thought spirit messages could be received, had reached such a pitch in the little village of Carrito, across San Francisco Bay, that five people had been driven mad.

The more modern counterpart of the fraud spiritualist is the quack psychoanalyst. In 1924, so extensive were the activities of this group that the expression, "Have you been 'psyched'?" became a flippant greeting. Psychiatry is, of course, an exact and sincere science, though still in its infancy. But as is usually the case, the charlatan profits by the unfinished labors of the altruist.

Houdini has found the available evidence of this sort almost unlimited. The average medium works only for the money he or she can mulct from the public; money obtained by moving the deepest sentiments in human nature. Spiritualism is nothing more or less than mental intoxication of words, of feelings and of suggested ideas. It ought to be stopped, and it must be stopped. It would seem that the multiplicity of exposures and the multitude of prosecutions that have followed rational investigation should justify legislation for the complete annihilation of a cult built on false pretence, filmsy hearsay evidence, and the acceptance of an optical illusion as a fact.

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The Two-Fold Feud

(*Continued from page* 22)

Whereupon a well-dressed Italian came forward and paid the fine—"for a fellow countryman," he said. And Patrolman Mayo in plain clothes rejoiced inwardly. For since this man was unknown to the police he knew that fish were biting at the bait.

Giovanni walked out of the courtroom into the deep waters of his perilous scheme.

Two weeks later the abduction of the six-year-old daughter of the restaurant keeper threw Little Italy into panic. Several days later the ransom was paid and the child was restored. The police came in for some caustic criticism, which they seemed to take with unusual patience. A close observer might have even suspected satisfaction on their part.

And a group of men in a Cornelia Street cellar handed Giovanni his share of the ransom money—an exceedingly small share—also with every sign of satisfaction.

"You're a good man, Giovanni!" The squat Italian slapped him on the shoulder, as though he were bestowing a knighthood upon him. "We initiate you into the band to-morrow!"

The initiation was a grim affair, held by the light of flickering candles amid the gloom of the same cellar. Seven members of the band pricked with daggers their forearms and let some blood drip into a saucer. Into this Giovanni was ordered to let fall some of his own blood. Then the fluid was smeared over his heart and rubbed over his cut.

"Your blood and ours is one!" one of the leaders of the band cried. "Swear faith to us as we shall keep faith with you!"

To the simple mind of Giovanni evil boded to him if he did swear and then broke faith as he was bound to do. And to fight down his hesitation he thought of his brother and Maria.

"I swear!"

Five stilettos met over the saucer of blood; then much wine flowed and the last bit of caution on the part of the band departed. Giovanni was one of them now. They boasted of the crimes this particular group had committed and of the bigger exploits they were planning. They talked of their affiliations with the big band of which they were only a group. Giovanni mentioned several names, heroes of the underworld.

"And are these also members of our band?"

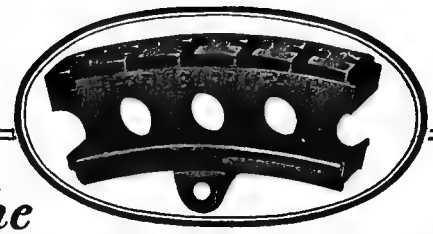
"Yes!" boasted the squat one.

"And Andrea del Vino?"

"He too!"

"And this—this Nero—I forget his name—the man who killed the dog of a policeman and a girl and a man?"

"Nero Gilio too! Ah, that shows our power, that case! For two years he is hunted by the



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swine of police and we hide him and snap our fingers at them. And laugh at them. For next Monday night Nero Gilio marries Concetta Raimoni, right in this quarter, a stone's throw from where he killed three! And we shall celebrate his wedding with much wine and music and women! That's how strong we are!"

"Isn't it also because he is a brave man as well as a member of the band?" Giovanni's eyes were half closed. The others were too fuddled with wine to note how little he was actually drinking.

"Yes, of course, he is a brave man! Isn't he one of the band?"

Giovanni downed a long draught of Chianti.

"I should like to meet him," he muttered, looking presumably for a fresh bottle.

"You shall be taken to his wedding!"

"Ah, I will like that!"

And Giovanni whose touch neither animal nor human had ever felt except in kindness, in imagination closed his fingers about the bone of a horn-handled knife; a knife he had never before used except for pruning his vines and cutting cheese for his mountain meal.

With characteristic effrontery a hall was hired for the wedding of "Salvatore Rossi." True it was a very small hall in Carmine Street, hidden away in back of a restaurant, owned by a member of "Rossi's" band, furnished with a maximum of exits, "ice-box" doors and unexpected hiding places. Nevertheless "Rossi" felt a swagger in his whole being as he thought back to the deed he had successfully "got away" with only a few blocks from this very hall; and of his boldness in holding his wedding here.

The little hall was garish with much green, red and black paper, rosettes, bunting, bells and loops of colored electric bulbs. Only a score of guests, members of his band and their current women were present. But the wine and whiskey and *Strega* and *Lachrima Christi* flowed enough for a hundred.

One invited guest, Giovanni, was still late. There were some present, however, who were not seen by the host or guests. Certainly their presence would not have been welcomed by their hosts were it suspected. But these uninvited guests had taken elaborate precautions to be unseen, precautions that began the night before, when a noiseless entry had been forced into the hall from the backyard.

Prone on his stomach one of these unseen witnesses lay, hidden under the dais on which the little orchestra of four musicians were playing. Through a wide crack in the boarding Pat Mayo could see a wide strip of the hall terminating with the carpet covered elevation on which the marriage ceremony was to take place. Near another crack, with its muzzle ready and pointing outward lay his automatic.

Half the night, all day and deep into the evening the man lay unmoving, with something of the Indian's patience in his heart, a patience fed by passion. For in his heart there was for the first time a divided allegiance. As a police officer it was wrong for him to harbor revenge for the killing of his friend and partner. But as a friend of Tim Meehan it was only human for him to feel it. He salved his conscience by telling him that he meant to help take Nero Gilio alive if possible. But at the least sign of resistance on the part of the Black Hander he meant to shoot. Pat called it "sign" to himself; "excuse" would have been the truer word.

In a little closet where presumably only brooms and odds and ends were kept three other men lay hidden but ready for emergencies. These too could see through small holes that had been bored with gimlets in inconspicuous places. Scattered throughout hollow places about the hall were still other men.

The fiddlers and the tin-panny pianist were raising a din of Neapolitan street songs but were all but drowned by the roar of wine-fired guests.

On the dais at the head of the hall sat Nero Gilio alone, resplendent in showy evening dress, with glass buttons on his vest, diamonds for shirt studs, heavy rings with great colored stones on his fingers, pomade on hair and beard and the

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light of wine and triumph in his restless black eyes.

He was shouting to his guests, between draughts of champagne, ordering them to drink, sing, "raise the devil" or he would do this or that dire thing to each laggard.

Across the hall sat Concetta with several women, a florid young woman with a hard beauty about her and dressed in bridal white. She was wondering what made the priest so late. Then Nero voiced the same impatience.

"What the devil is keeping that priest?" he roared. "Somebody go see why he isn't here to start the ceremony!"

Involuntarily every eye turned toward the door that led from the restaurant to the hall. The door was opening and some one came in. It was not the priest; for what the wedding party did not know was that the priest, warned by the police, was not coming at all that night.

It was no one Nero knew and he glared at the newcomer.

But half a score of hoarse voices roared out,

"Ah, Giovanni, Giovanni, hello!"

And a dozen hands shook Giovanni roughly in greeting.

"Come and meet the happy groom!"

Giovanni was dragged to the dais where Nero sat. Nero's insolent regard, made uglier by habitual suspicion, swept Giovanni from head to foot.

"I heard about you. What province are you from, brother?"

Giovanni's eyes showed through narrow slits.

"Calabria."

"Your tongue doesn't sound like it," Nero said harshly.

"I can speak another tongue if necessary." Giovanni spoke quietly. "I have wandered far from my native town."

Nero stared at him. "You remind me of some one. I don't know whom."

Something twitched through Giovanni's whole being to tell Nero at once and in a language he could not mistake. But about Giovanni pressed the men who had brought him up to Nero; making it impossible for him to draw anything from his pocket quickly enough for successful action. And Giovanni wanted no slip-up in his plan.

For Giovanni, like Pat Mayo, was divided in his loyalty to the police with whom he had agreed to co-operate. Only with him there was no division in his heart. Nero had murdered the youth who had been son and brother, sole kin and companion to him. It afforded Giovanni no satisfaction to let the courts of this foreign land deal with Nero. They dealt in delays and spoke in a language he did not know. That was why his thoughts were on his pruning knife, hung handily inside his coat, while with his tongue he answered with wile foreign to him.

"I remind you of some one? How can that be?"

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"I don't know," muttered Nero. Then after a pause, "And I don't care. So long as your blood is mixed with ours I don't care. Give this man some champagne to drink to my happiness—mine and Concetta's!"

Some one thrust a glass of red champagne into Giovanni's hand. Several others held out glasses to clink with his. But still he did not take the foaming glass.

He felt that even in a lie it would choke him to drink that toast. And he saw bent upon him now the angry scrutiny of Nero.

"You do not wish me happiness?" Nero growled, his face nearing Giovanni's.

Giovanni backed away a step and his hand crept toward the inside of his coat.

He did not see the hand of the squat Italian who had initiated him steal toward him.

Suspicion is the law of the underworld. Even after they had "mixed blood" with Giovanni it took only a doubtful look or ambiguous movement to bring suspicion against him.

At last Giovanni opened his lips.

"I will wish you happiness in my own way!"

His hand leaped to his coat and out flashed his pruning knife.

"Giovanni Erico drinks to you, Nero!" he shrieked.

Down went his knife in a lunge for Nero. But another hand caught at his wrist and dragged it down.

In an instant the place exploded. With a hoarse oath Nero whipped out his own knife and jabbed at Giovanni.

From under the musician's stand a shot rang out and a puff of white smoke bloomed.

A roar from the Italian gunmen, shrieks from their women and the crashing of doors sounded together. Into the hall poured a dozen men, revolvers pointed.

"Up with your hands—don't move!" their leader roared.

Down from the dais on which he had been standing rolled Nero Gilio, drilled through the heart by Patrolman Pat Mayo.

One squat Italian leaped for the stairs to the gallery, drawing his revolver. Two bullets cut him down and sent him rolling down to the foot of the steps again.

"Lights out!" yelled a gunman.

A bullet shattered his jaw.

"Any one else?" roared the leader of the invaders.

Aside from the still shrieking women not a soul moved. The gunmen did not even dare raise their hands higher, lest the move be misunderstood. They had seen too sure marksmanship to take chances.

From other windows and doors into the room there burst in men in plain clothes and in police uniform. From one prisoner to another they went and each one they left with wrists shackled.

Not till the last man in the wedding party was in handcuffs did the detectives lower their guns.

The bride had fainted but was revived. In Italian she asked for her groom.

It was Giovanni who answered.

"He is paying for the murder of my brother and his bride!" he snarled.

"And for my friend and partner!" said Patrolman Mayo.

An All-Seeing Foe to Crime

(*Continued from page* 17)

projectiles. It is, therefore, important to know that remnants of mercury ointments, iodoform gauze, and even glass splinters and concretions, especially in the kidney and gall bladder, may give rise to such mistakes. Of course, any one with experience will hardly make a mistake in such cases. The location of the projectile may also be of great importance in a forensic way, and in this respect it is only necessary to recall that gun shot wounds of the heart are not necessarily fatal, since in exceptional cases the X-ray will show a freely moving bullet in the interior of the heart. Naturally the forensic view of the case would be greatly influenced under such conditions.

The location of the projectile does not always indicate the end of the path which it traversed, since wandering of the projectile in the body tissues does occur. A typical case of this was one in which the bullet entered the brain, but after a time sank until it reached the base of the skull. This change of location caused no complaint on the part of the patient. He eventually died from a brain abscess about half a year after he was shot. Instances of this so-called "late infection" were frequently observed during the war in cases of gun shot wounds of the head. The severe effects of exploding bullets show up beautifully in an X-ray, and much better evidence thereof is given by it than by an autopsy.

Stab wounds have much in common with gun shot wounds, and again the main thing is to decide whether a vital organ was injured or not. The stab wounds can be examined with X-rays if the openings are filled with a contrast mass which contains heavy substances. Paraffin-Barium mixtures are well suited for this, and are injected in the melted state and allowed to solidify in the

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space caused by the stab. The technique for this is very simple, and there is no danger of altering the condition of the wound, etc., through this injection.

The value of Roentgen rays is well known in diagnosis of fractures in general. But the fact that the direction of the impetus which caused the fracture can be determined from an X-ray plate is of importance in forensic medicine. In many cases this can definitely be shown and may contribute valuable evidence in determining the cause of an accident, for example. The healing process and the severity of the fracture, as well as the results of excessive formation of new bone, which often interferes with the ability to work, can also be observed and the complaints of the patient verified in a manner hardly possible by other methods of examination. At that, one must have the necessary knowledge in order to differentiate these conditions from congenital malformations or inflammatory changes with any degree of certainty. And finally, the Roentgen picture may frequently give important hints in making a prognosis of the case in question.

In conclusion, it is interesting to note that the cost of installation and operation is so small as compared to the important results obtained, that it is to be expected that every important Police Department, as well as every medical institution called upon to solve problems in forensic medicine, will, in the near future, require and have the use of a completely equipped and modern X-ray laboratory.

What's Behind the Bars?

(*Continued from page* 23)

fessions of guilt and 232 were found guilty upon trial by jury; 605 were native born, 94 were naturalized citizens and 198 were aliens.

As to age, we receive them as young as 16 years and as old as they may be when they commit an offense. 16% are under 21 years of age, and 60% under 30 years. The average age is about 24 years.

One can see by this that the men confined in Sing Sing Prison are very much like you and me as far as birth, education, habits and occupation are concerned.

Webster's definition of crime is: "a violation of the law; an offense against morality and public welfare; wrong-doing," and a criminal is "one who is guilty of a crime". I have had the opportunity to study very carefully about 12,000 men who have been caught and sent to prison (notice I say "caught"), and we study the man very carefully taking a history of his family, personal and medical life, his vocational and criminal record; in fact, we try to trace every man from his grandparents down to the moment he arrives at the institution. He is given a complete physical ex-

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amination, his eyes are refracted, kidneys and blood examined, and if there is any indication of a condition requiring surgical or medical interference the matter is immediately attended to. A psychological and pyschometric test is also made, and if there is suspicion of a mental disturbance a psychiatric examination is also made.

After the man has been carefully studied he is assigned to work by a board consisting of the Superintendent of Industries, the Principal Keeper and the Physician, so that his assignment may be for the best development of the inmate and one to which his physical and mental condition is adaptable. The inmate is offered school facilities under trained instruction, and a great many men who were believed at first to be mentally defective have been found actually to be only mentally retarded. The knowledge acquired in the school has in a number of cases helped men to obtain better positions upon their release. An inmate who is found to be a mental defective is transferred to the Institution for Defective Delinquents at Napanoch, where he may be kept until he is a fit subject for parole under the supervision of the authorities of that Institution.

Those connected with state's prisons do not claim that their method of handling prisoners is perfect or that they are securing 100% results. How could you expect them to, when we are dealing with the failures of society, civilization and the home? Yes—your failures and mine!

It is easy for those outside looking in to criticize the methods employed by those who are making a life study of the men in prison and who are responsible to the state for their action. It is fashionable today to hire young efficiency experts to tell one how to run the business that he has spent years in developing. I am satisfied that with the scientific study of men as directed by Superintendent of Prisons James L. Long and Warden Lewis E. Lawes, the greatest amount of good is being accomplished in leading men who have broken the law to realize their duty to society. When you take into consideration that 54% of the men who enter Sing Sing have been convicted of crimes previously and that 91% of those who leave it make good after their release, that result in itself justifies the common sense, humane system now employed. I think you will all agree with me that the prisoner is entitled to a clean place to sleep, wholesome food, and an opportunity for recreation and the development of his mind.

In the examination of men in prison I am satisfied that society has its responsibility. No one can deny that environment plays a large part in causing these men to become criminals. It is our duty to provide more playgrounds and opportunities for recreation for the boy-on-the-street. The newspapers might help in not *emphasizing* crimes where the culprit has escaped detection, and the motion pictures by not producing films that show that the taking of human life is of no importance.

At the present time one of the great causes of men coming to prison is the drug habit, and heroin is the drug used in 96% of the cases. During the past few years the number of those admitted to prison who are suffering from this malady is increasing tremendously. It has been estimated that in the United States there are probably more than 1,500,000 addicts. It is further estimated that 2,000 tons of opium is produced annually in the world, whereas legitimate medical and scientific needs would not require more than 75 tons. Heroin is the drug more likely to be used by the young and it is preeminently the drug used by criminals. It inflates the personality, and the user becomes reckless. He loses his sense of responsibility in respect to the law and his fellow man. He is stimulated to commit crime that he never would have if he were not under its influence. A large percentage of those who have come to us have to commit crime in order to obtain the funds to satisfy their craving.

Prior to 1919 for a period of six years we received an average of 13 drug addicts per year. (In 1917 only four were admitted to prison.) In 1922 the number increased 100% over the average for the years prior to 1919. In 1921 it increased 500% and in 1922 it increased over 900%. So today one out of every 11 men admitted to Sing Sing Prison is suffering from the drug habit.

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99% buy it from drug peddlers and less than 1% from the physician or druggist. When one considers that though men spend years in prison without an opportunity to use drugs, over 50% of them take to the habit again immediately upon leaving, the tremendous depreciation in their physical and mental makeup caused by its use is strikingly apparent. I believe that we should support the resolution considered by Congress, together with other Governments of the world, to prohibit the manufacture of heroin. This same thought was expressed by the American Medical Society in 1920 when it made recommendation to do so.

It has been estimated that there were 9,000 homicides in the United States during the past year, and that not more than 1% will ever pay the extreme penalty. After having witnessed 118 electrocutions and having known a great many more whose sentences were commuted to natural life imprisonment, I am satisfied that execution is not the deterrent influence on homicide that its advocates hoped it would be. This may be due to the fact that men who are sent to Sing Sing for electrocution are frequently with us for from one to three and one-half years before the death penalty is finally inflicted. The deterring influence is considerably lessened, it seems, by the long lapse of time between the commission of the crime and the carrying out of the penalty. Others forget, I feel, that it is an injustice to both society and the prisoner sentenced to death to have such a long delay. I believe that quick, sure and certain punishment would be much more efficacious than the present method of procedure. I do not think that it is the intent of society that a man should be detained for a long period of months or years during which he is forced to see from fifteen to twenty-five other men go to the chair. I believe that juries should be permitted, when rendering a verdict of murder in the first degree, to designate whether the punishment is to be death or life imprisonment. It would then be easier to secure jurors to sit in capital cases, and I feel that a greater number of convictions would be obtained. I further feel that the death penalty should be imposed only in cases where there has been an especially atrocious crime committed, or where the murderer has already been convicted of some offense punishable by sentence to a state prison. I favor, for other cases, life imprisonment in some isolated location where the prisoner would be properly housed and fed and where he could work and produce, in order to support his dependents, if he had any, or those dependent upon the one he has killed. I would not in these cases permit visits or letters. The power of subsequent pardon should be placed in the hands of the Court of Appeals. I think this plan of punishment would be a much more deterring factor than electrocution, for we have frequently been told by men whom we were to electrocute that they preferred

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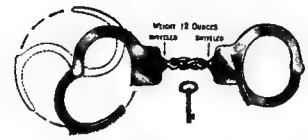

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to die rather than be imprisoned for the rest of their lives.

During the past ten years we have had two men in the condemned cells at Sing Sing who were found guilty by the court and their conviction confirmed by the Court of Appeals, and yet just prior to their execution it was found that they were not guilty and today they are walking our streets as free men. This is merely to show the possibility of an error, and an error which, once made when the death penalty is in force, can never be rectified.

The vital problem, however, is *prevention*, not cure.

I believe that we could lessen crime by teaching in our schools not that honesty is the best policy, but that it is the *only* policy.

Second, we could prevent crime by paying more attention to our own children—interesting ourselves in their lives and play, recreation, and development. Sometimes we reach out to help others when our own need advice, help and sympathy.

Third, lessen crime by the deportation of the alien criminal. More than 20% of the prison population is made up of this type. Furthermore, there are over 10,000 alien insane persons supported by the people of New York State alone in the various state hospitals for the insane. Why should you and I pay for their support, and, in the case of the alien criminals, make it possible for them to repeatedly perpetrate offenses which bring them to prison? Most aliens, if they knew that they would be deported if convicted of crime, would think twice before its commission.

Fourth, stop criminals from coming into this country. Let us not wait until they arrive at Ellis Island before we examine their history, but see to it that the investigation is made at the point of their departure for this country.

Fifth, we can lessen crime by interesting ourselves in the Boy and Girl Scout movements. These, I believe, are among the best agencies for this purpose. The teaching of our boys and girls to love the outdoor life, the hikes, camps and nature studies, gives an outlet to their enthusiasm. The mere fact that there are 600,000 boy and 200,000 girl scouts in this country, all of whom must do one good turn daily, is in itself an inspiration to better things. Out in St. Louis recently Judge Hartman stated that last year, out of 1,400 children who had been brought before him in the Children's Court for delinquencies, not one had been a scout. The Boy and Girl Scouts of today will be a monument for emulation for the future generation, and with the proper mental, moral and physical training of boys and girls, there will be no further need of corrective institutions.

Sixth, I believe that interest manifested in boys by such clubs as Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Civitas, Big Brotherhood movements and other similar

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societies will in the future keep them in a straight and lawful career.

Seventh, at the American Prison Congress in Boston last September a Judge of that city said that in the course of the administration of the criminal law no one knew less about the man to be sentenced than did the Judge himself when he gave the sentence. This is undoubtedly true, and should not be so. The result of such a lack of knowledge often causes glaring inequalities of sentence. In New York State we have over one hundred and eighty Judges sending men to State Prisons, each one of whom has his own idea of what a proper sentence should be. For example, we now have in Sing Sing several men, all of whom were convicted of practically the same crime—that of misuse of the funds of the financial institutions by which they were employed. They were all indicted, and pleaded guilty, to larceny in the first degree. They are all first offenders. Sentenced by different judges, one man, who misappropriated $800, was sentenced to from 4 to 8 years, and another, who misappropriated $225,000, received 5 to 10 years. In yet another case a man whose shortage was $90,000, received 2 to 4 years. This unquestioned inequality in the administration of justice cannot do anything but breed a feeling of strong resentment in the minds and hearts of the men who are discriminated against.

I am one of those who believe that men are often sent to prison who might better be put under strict probation in the interests of society and the public welfare. An example of the good work which has been accomplished in this respect is given by Judge Bleakly, of Westchester County, who has placed on probation some 286 offenders and of these 228 have made good. The suspended sentence on parole often avoids the breaking up of the family, and in the last analysis it is the innocent ones in the offender's family who suffer the most. I feel that the institution of the truly indefinite sentence such as is operative in many states other than New York, by which a man is sentenced to from one year to twenty or thirty years, to be released when the parole board or other proper authority considers him fit to be so, will be a great step forward in the solution of the crime problem.

Eighth, you all can lessen crime if you give a man a chance to live when he leaves prison. No one but the prisoner can realize what a great obstacle he has to overcome when he is released. He has paid his debt to society. Let us not hound him, but let us give him, at least, a square deal.

We all owe a debt to society and to those entrusted to our care. Let us each strive to do our best whatever our sphere to effect both the prevention and the cure.

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Terrors of the Night

(*Continued from page* 35)

finished making out I was good and sore again.

"You knocked!" they exclaimed in chorus.

"You knocked, Mr. Officer? Vy I only heard you knock my vinder in," finished the slim one.

"Well, I knocked, anyway," I insisted brazenly, "Why do you sleep here? Answer me! Answer my question! Why do you sleep in this store?"

"Vell, I'll tell you," said the slim one. "Ve are celebrating the Jewish holidays, officer. Mine house iss crowded vit vomen-folk and kids, so ve came over here to sleep for vun night, officer."

"Oh you did, eh, and why didn't you notify the officer on post of that fact?" I asked.

"Vat?" he said. "Notify the copper! This is my store. Vy should I ask to sleep in mine own shop?"

"Oi, vat a dumber you are, Moses!" exclaimed another. "You should have told the officer so he vouldn't have to break the vinder."

"Yes, that's it," I picked him up quickly, "I'm surprised at you. A man of your intelligence and ability, Moses, should have known that. You're a tailor you said before. What is your name? Sneeze that again, I didn't get you. Oh yes, Moses Chenatyousky. Well Moses, I'm pleased to meet you. My name's Millar. Sorry I busted your window, but you ought to be satisfied I didn't bust your heads and shoot them full of holes. You guys are lucky I'm sober tonight or you would all have been dead men. Don't ever do that trick again without telling the officer on post about it."

"Yes, I should have told you, I should have told you," exclaimed Moses, apologetically, as he thought it over. "I should have told you," he reiterated timorously. "But vy should I care about a vinder, the vinder is nodding," he said as he expanded generously at last. "You are a fine officer now—you shall pay the bill?"

"That's the spirit Moses," I congratulated him heartily as I thumped him on the back. "That's the spirit! You have it put in and I'll pay the bill."

"Oi, you're a fine officer," they chorused again, and they shook hands all around on the strength of my promise.

Well, I'm still owing Moses Chenatyousky for the window, besides for two new suits of "civies" he made for me afterwards, "but that's neither here nor there." I'm only telling you this so you will see how I first met Moses and his bunch and got to know his store, as it is most important in explaining how I came to be asleep in this same tailor shop the night the negro burglar swiped the roll of cloth from under my head.

Moses was a big-hearted guy. As long as I knew him he always reminded me of the lad with the two apples. You know? The big-hearted, generous guy you often meet. He eats one apple as he talks to you and puts the other in his pocket. Well, Moses was that kind. He would chuck you an anchor anytime you were drowning. "Big-hearted Moses" is his neighborhood nickname now.

Well, I sure cured him and his friends of sleeping in tailor shops that night. I never saw heads popping up in that store for a long time. But I did hear enough about that window. All the cops in the precinct heard about it before I turned in at 8 A. M. that morning and I sure got some razzing. Then for months on post I met Moses personally and he told everyone I was his best friend. He *was* a big-hearted guy at that. He only inquired about once a week as to when I was going to pay Katz for the window. Many times I got sore at this for when I had plenty of money I never would be reminded of it. It was always when I just happened to be broke that he would say, "Millar, you shall see Katz soon?" Then I would put him off to the first of the month again. Gee, he got me sore sometimes!

Then came the night that Moses did not mention the window. He was in trouble! He wanted a favor! I was the only cop he could trust! I was now his friend!

"Spill it, Moses," I encouraged generously, "I'm your friend. I'll help you. Why, I'll even give you my new straw hat next winter."

So Moses told me his troubles and I became very interested. It was this. Two colored men had called five times that day to look at a piece of goods for a suit of clothes. He had asked fifty dollars, or twice the value, to insure a sale. Then he agreed to sell on the fifth call for twenty-five dollars, and they were apparently satisfied as that was half of the original price of fifty.

"Wait a minute, Moses," said I at this. "You don't mean that you agreed to lose money on this?"

"Oi! vat a dumber!" he replied. "Vat a dumber you are Millar. The goods is only cost price. Ten dollars a piece for a suit. You got to ask fifty dollars or you make no profits. See vat a dumber you are Millar."

"Oh," I said enlightened on tailors' methods, "Go on."

So he proceeded to tell me how at last, even at this rock bottom price they left to get the money and had not showed up again. This had worried him so much that he had become suspicious. Now he swore they were burglars and would rob his whole store that night.

"It happened vunce before by anodder tailor," he finished.

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"Well, why don't you stay in the store all night?" I asked him. "I'll tell the man on the late tour for you."

"Vat me stay in that store! Nod me! I am an old man and listen, Millar, you're Irish! You'd make a fight! I saw you push the big colored man the other night. Yes! The vun in the hospital. His vife told me today he was a dumber to fight police officers. Listen, Millar, I shall geb you the key to the store. You shall safe me my life. My money is all in mine stock! Twenty bolts of the finest of cloths I vould lose. I shall make and geb you a new suit at cost price. Millar, you vill do me this favor?"

"You win, Moses," I agreed quickly at the offer. "You win with the new suit of clothes. A new suit of 'civies' at cost price now. Don't forget that! Now, I'm working 4 to 12 P. M. You give me that key when you close and I'll sleep in your store tonight when I come off duty. For a new suit of clothes at cost price! Right!"

"No! No! Millar! You must nod sleep. You must vatch for da burglars!"

"Oh, no!" I argued. "If you want me to stay awake you ought to make me that suit for nothing."

"All right! All right! Go to sleep if you vant to. I should vorry as long as you safe me mine goods. Vait till I get you the keys right avay. I'll close up. It's ten o'clock, anyvay," agreed Big-hearted Moses at last.

So that's how I came to be sleeping in the tailor shop some nine years ago. "Press take notice." These who know differently—don't be so technical!

Second Spasm

Scene—A tailor shop as dark as Hades.

Time—4.10 A. M.

Characters—One big husky Blue Coat, caulked off on a tailor's table, surrounded by breastworks of bolts of cloth on all sides, visible only to audience of flies on ceiling.

Enters through a rear window—Big Slim, a tall, dark-skinned negro burglar breathing heavily. Blue Coat still as unconscious of Slim's presence as the negro is of his.

Quickly Big Slim went to work. Noiselessly, and in stocking feet, he passed seven bolts of cloth out through that same rear window to another darky in the yard below. Only once did he stop at his task. He heard a purr-r-r-r and a big tom cat rubbed up against him under the table. Slim's heart slipped four beats at that and he nearly jumped out of the window before he realized what had assaulted him. Still, he bravely came back and as he passed the eighth one he whispered, "That's eight."

"Get one more, Slim," whispered back the big boy in the yard. "That's all we can handle this trip!"

So, still breathing heavily from his exertions

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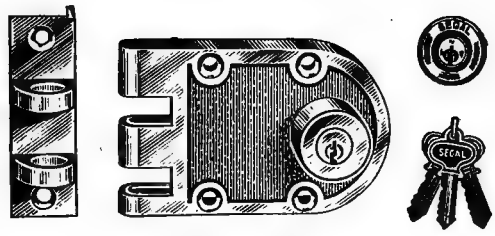

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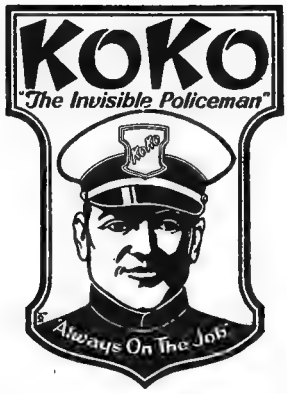

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and nervousness, Big Slim tip-toed back to the table for the last one. This one he planned must be the biggest and best on the table. Carefully he felt the edges for the best cloth. Finally he selected it and it was one of the bottom bolts. In extracting it Slim used all his strength, causing a commotion when a few other bolts fell to the floor from above the one he had pulled out.

"Holy Mackerel!" sounded clearly over the silent radio of one cop's brain, as he started awake when his pillow was thus unceremoniously snatched from under his head.

Cautiously I lay still and listened. Frankly, I couldn't do anything else. I was paralyzed and my hair was full of static so my brain was garbled for a second till I heard light foot falls padding toward the window in the rear.

"Nine," I heard a soft, Southern voice count.

"Say, Eddie," this voice continued, "Let's make it eleven for luck."

I rose noiselessly for I also had my shoes off. My heart was hitting on all six again. I peered over my breastworks and saw the big, broad back of the burglar leaning out of the window. I could have shot him dead then if I had thought about it, or had the strength. But you know I felt human that night, so I pulled the jack first. Then I saw him turn and come back towards the table. Trembling to begin the fight I waited till his head was within reach. Then I leaped and struck in a frenzy. My God that must have been a powerful blow! Sock! landed the heavy jack behind the burglar's ear a second time as we grappled. The second blow must have hit a weak spot for the big black suddenly fell limp in my arms. Now the battle lust had me enthralled. Now I was enjoying myself! Noiselessly and as quickly as possible I played a tattoo on his skull. "The Yanks Are Coming," and a few more songs like that ran through my mind in two seconds flat, and I kept time to every stanza with that jack as I drummed them out on that luckless burglar's bean. Finally, seeing he didn't move I gained more courage and sense. In the fight the old pride of race and the instincts of duty had come back to me. This is, I think, instilled in the heart of every policeman along with the traditions of the service soon after he dons the blue uniform of the Force.

I admit I was human for the moment, but thank God that left me as soon as the fight started and I was the real cop now. Methodically I put away my jack and pulled the gun. Cautious and alert I tip-toed to the window. Here I peeked out into a yard I knew well for I had collared a pickpocket in it a week previous. Now it was as dark as a pit, but I knew it was a trap for a thief to run into as it was enclosed and sealed by four adjoining apartment house walls, and the only entrance and exit was a narrow doorway leading through an apartment basement under Dasho Bakery on Lenox Avenue. I looked for the doorway first as I peered from the window. A dim gas light glowing in the passageway illuminated it sufficiently to show the opening.

"I see you! Put your hands up, you black son-of-a-something, or I'll peg at you!" I hollered into the darkness—"This is a police officer! Up with them or I shoot!"

There was a sudden scurry of feet in the darkness, then silence. No one had passed that door I was sure so to scare whoever was in the yard, I fired.

Boom! crashed the heavy 38 as a sheet of flame leaped from the muzzle. Then silence again!

"Darn!" I thought. "I'll bet that coon is scared to death and is hiding in some corner. Well, I'll soon see."

So I groped around for a ladder and my hand encountered a pole about two feet out from the window. As I climbed out and down this clothes pole the neighbors began to get busy. No doubt the shot I fired had aroused the neighborhood. Cries of "Police!" and the shrill blasts of whistles sounded on all sides. Windows slammed and the braver ones began to throw the first things handy. I was afraid to call out for fear of exposing myself to a burglar's bullet, so I groped my way around the yard, crouched against stray missils from above. Carefully I searched every corner, but there was no one there. I even hurriedly ransacked the cellar and found the bolts of cloth piled in a coal bin—but no burglar. Then fearing the one in the store might wake up and get away, I went out again into the yard. Bedlam had broken loose! Shouts, curses, bottles, bricks, shoes, bric-a-brac filled the air! Out of every darkened window random objects rained into the yard. I had a job of it now for if a good-sized brick hits a head—cop's or burglar's—it means Slumberland by Wagner in crescendo.

As I hurried over to the clothes pole to climb back into Moses' shop, I remembered that there were two clothes poles in that yard. Why couldn't this guy climb the other one? Pronto, I changed my course at the inspiration.

A second time I waded through a barrage of household projectiles; my hands over my head protectingly. I arrived safely under the other clothes pole. Here the missils fell thick and fast. Suddenly I saw their target. Clinging to the pole several flights up was the dark figure of a man.

"Come down!" I roared. "Come down fast!"

No answer amid the general uproar, so I pointed my gun to the sky and let her go.

"Boom!" roared the cannon echoing up the areaway and with a swoosh and a thud and a scuffle a big coon rocketed down the pole and landed at my feet.

"Ah'm shot! Oh man! Oh boy! Ah'm shot! Fo' d' Lawd's sake, don' shoot! Officer, please

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don'. Ah's full ob holes right now. Don' shoot no mo'!"

The missils stopped falling; the windows slammed shut.

"Get up! You big bum!" I cut in. "Get up!"

With a few well placed boots I then helped the badly scared burglar to his feet and quickly I frisked him for a gun, but no gun did I find. The thing he had in his pocket was a half-pint flask of whiskey, unbroken by his fall. This he longingly eyed as I smelt it and so I thought it best to dispose of its contents myself. Yes, I smashed a good bottle that night!

"Now," I said heartened. "Get up that pole and into that window quick, or I'll knock the living ——— out of you!"

So up he went and I followed him back into the shop.

Here I found the sleeper still snoozing. I sure had a tough job to wake that bird up, but finally with the help of my night-stick he awoke, and half-pushed, half-carried by his accomplice in crime, we started for the station house.

Third Spasm.

At the old 38th Precinct Station House, those two shop-worn burglars looked like a couple of drunks to the lieutenant behind the desk, but when I said "burglars" he sat up and took notice.

He rang the bell for the detectives and our beloved and now honored deceased comrades, Buckley and Miller arrived.

"See what's the case," the "looey" ordered.

And say! It was a circus listening to those birds telling their stories. I even had to laugh myself, though I was very much embarrassed to have the boys all know that the burglars had to wake me up to catch them.

"Lawd! Lawd!" mimicked the always jovial Buckley and Miller after that every time they met me. "Ah didn't know 'at cop was asleep in 'at tailor shop. Ah didn' know 'at's whare 'e sleeps. Ah'd never a bus' in 'ere. Ah ain' aimin' to wake up no hahd-boiled policeman. Ah jes didn' know —'at's all!"

Knifed in the Back

(*Continued from page* 33)

dered my own uncle?" He glared at the detective.

Tom King eyed him gravely. "I don't *think* you are guilty!" he replied significantly.

"You mean you *know* I'm guilty. Why, man, you're crazy! Why should I kill him?"

"You might have quarreled over money. He refused to give you more."

"I tell you I'm not dependent on his charity. I have an income from my mother's estate."

"Exactly. But you lose at cards more than

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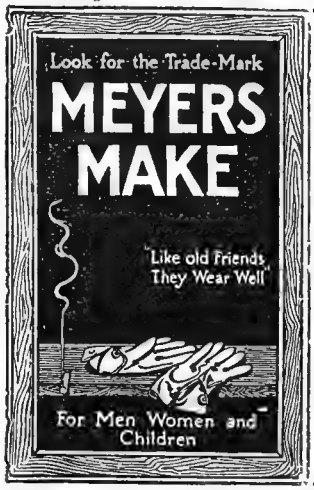

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your income. Also, you are the chief beneficiary under your uncle's will."

"How do you know that?" asked Cyril astonished.

"I judged as much. Now look here, young man, you are in a tight hole. Here's the case: the knife that killed Jason Gregg is your property. There is no trace of robbers, so it can't be the work of a burglar who happened to find your knife. In fact, you say that the weapon was kept in the bottom of your trunk."

"I saw it there last. It was some weeks ago."

"All right. Now for the motive. You lost all your money at cards. You would inherit under his will. Then your money troubles would be over. It looks like an open and shut case—so far."

"All circumstantial evidence!" sneered Cyril. "You want to make me the goat to save yourself the trouble of hunting for the real murderer."

"Many a man has gone to the chair on circumstantial evidence," retorted King.

"And many an innocent man has been legally murdered!" shouted Cyril, springing to his feet. "Well, listen; you can't frame me! I'll get a lawyer. I'll get the best man money can hire, and you'll have to fight every inch of the way to get me to the death house."

He started for his room, but King interposed his stalwart form and barred the exit.

"Curse you! Get out of the way!" cried Cyril. "Give me a chance to dress."

"Not yet! I'm going to examine your clothes first—and look over your room before you go back to it."

The young man tensed his muscles and grappled with the detective. Strong as he was, Cyril found that he had met his match. The young man was flung back into the room and stood there gasping, with his fists clenched to make a second rush.

Tom King tapped his pocket. "Don't tackle a man with a gun, my boy. It don't make sense!" he observed. "Now you sit here quietly while I look over your room."

"No! I won't stand for that!"

King touched a buzzer.

Almost instantly Minturn opened the door. King eyed the valet thoughtfully.

"Remarkably prompt service," he commented. "Minturn, go down to the front and tell Patrolman O'Grady to come here. I want him to keep an eye on this prisoner."

Minturn started at the word prisoner. His face showed an odd mixture of obedience and hesitation. He waited for the command to be repeated.

Cyril was dumbfounded. "You mean that I am arrested!" he exclaimed.

"You are under suspicion," retorted King. "You are the man who owned the murder weapon; you are the only one who would profit by your uncle's death; and you had access to his room from your own through the bathroom. It looks like a strong case to me."

"Don't arrest me!" The young man's voice was desperate. "It is not for my sake alone. There are others who would be disgraced by this. Give me a chance, first, to prove my innocence."

"You mean that there is some girl you are fond of who would feel disgraced?"

Cyril nodded assent, and King replied: "If I don't arrest you, will you give me your word of honor not to interfere with my search of your room? And not to try to escape?"

"Word of honor!" The young man's voice was gloomy.

"All right. You stay here. Minturn, come with me. You will be a witness to what we unearth."

The valet followed with alacrity.

They entered Cyril's bedroom, which was adorned with trophies, pennants, class-photographs and other relics of college days. A pair of fencing-foils and a set of boxing-gloves were hung on the wall.

"Here's the suit he wore last night," said Minturn. "Do you want to turn out the pockets?"

King went through them with dispatch and put in a little heap the cigarette case, bill fold, small change, thin gold watch, and a flat leather case containing the photograph of a young girl, who smiled into the detective's eyes as he stared at it.

"What a beautiful girl!" exclaimed King, with as much respect as admiration in his voice.

"It's some skirt he's sweet on," explained Minturn. "One of these night club butterflies."

King thought to himself that Minturn knew little about women to make such a remark before a face of this innocent charm. He opened the bill fold and found nothing. The young man had been cleaned out as he said. King turned to the dresser to examine the contents of the drawers, when Minturn suggested:

"Look back of the photograph in that case, sir. He may have a letter or something there."

King removed the photograph and what he saw puzzled him. It was a hundred dollar bill, crisp, yellow, and fresh from the Bureau of Engraving.

The detective showed it to Minturn, who wagged his head knowingly. "Mr. Cyril is a deep one, sir," remarked the valet. "He can stand watching!"

King said nothing, but dropped the case into his pocket, then continued to inspect the garments the young man had worn. He examined the dress-shirt with its white cuffs with particular interest, also the sleeves of the coat.

"It might be a good idea to look in the bathroom," said Minturn. "I heard him splashing water last night."

"You did?" asked the detective. "Then you

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were up at three o'clock when the young man got home?"

"Well, not exactly. I was in bed in my room on the top floor. I heard the water being turned on."

King followed the tip and saw that the bath had been used the night before. There were damp towels in the corner, and as Minturn got on his knees to look under the bath tub, the detective saw his face light up with triumph.

King brought a cane from Cyril's room, fished under the bath tub with it and dragged out a towel, damp and crumpled.

"This seems to clinch it," said King. "If circumstantial evidence ever sent a man to the death house justly—this is it."

On one end of the towel was a faint smear of red. It was unmistakably blood.

"Oh the poor young man!" sighed Minturn. "Who would have thought it of him?" He wagged his head in commiseration.

Voices in the hall told of the arrival of the Medical Examiner and Shadwell, the finger-print expert. They had arrived at the same time by chance.

It did not take long to complete the surgeon's examination. He merely put into legal phrases and medical terms the facts already known, that Jason Gregg had come to his death by a murderous blow with a knife. He had been struck down sometime after midnight.

Meanwhile Cyril had been permitted to go to his room and dress. King said nothing to the young man of finding the towel. He showed Cyril the photograph case, but did not explain why he was retaining it.

"Can't you keep *her* out of this beastly mess?" demanded the young man hotly. "You detectives seem to take a delight in bringing disgrace on persons who have nothing to do with a crime."

"Take it easy, lad," admonished King. "Maybe I'll not have to get the lady's name from you, if you behave sensibly. Who is she?"

"It's the woman I'm engaged to. The only woman in the world as far as I'm concerned. But you'll never get her name from me."

"Is she one of your bridge-playing friends?"

"No! She won't touch cards—not since she saw what a fool I am over them. She wanted me to lay off gambling. I was crazy not to follow her advice."

"Why didn't you?"

"Just plain mule-headed stubbornness. Well, I'm off cards from now on."

"I'll say you are," replied King significantly.

The detective had a long conference with the fingerprint expert, directing Shadwell to bring out and photograph the prints on the knife-hilt, the safe, the window, door knobs, and the surface of the table.

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book disclosed cryptic figures, which proved to be the combination of the safe. It was opened and found to contain no money or negotiable papers. King told Shadwell to be careful to get prints from the interior of the safe. He gave him the photograph case and the mysterious hundred-dollar bill. Also he told Shadwell to take fingerprints of everyone in the house.

While this was being done, Tom King got the address of Julius Farmer from the phone book and half an hour later was talking to the jeweler in his office on Maiden Lane.

Farmer was a heavy-set, black-bearded man, with red lips and protruding eyes.

He was very pompous and inclined to say nothing to the point until King suddenly took the aggressive and reminded the gem merchant that it was the law he was defying.

Then Farmer came through; he spoke with nervous alacrity.

"It's like this, Mr. King," he said. "The business with Mr. Gregg was confidential. No one should know about it. Even a check from me he didn't want, for he was selling those jewels on the quiet."

"You mean that you paid cash to Jason Gregg for jewels?"

"Sure; that's what I'm telling you. Seventy-five thousand dollars. It was all in big bills. I guess the old man had to get some quick cash to protect his credit. Also it wouldn't help his credit if people knew that he sold his dead wife's emeralds to get it."

"I see. So you visited Jason Gregg one night a week ago."

"Sure. Wednesday night it was."

"And you paid him seventy-five thousand dollars in currency and took away the jewels?"

"That's it."

"Were they new bills that you could trace?"

"Sure. They were ten hundreds; seventy thousands; and the balance in five-hundred-dollar bills. I got new currency from the bank and took down the numbers."

"Let me copy those numbers," said King.

Farmer felt in his pocket for a wallet, but found no trace of the memorandum.

"I must have lost it, after all," he said. "What a careless thing to do, copy the numbers and then lose the list!"

Then King shot a sudden question. "Have you been in that house since?"

"Me? I should say not! Do you think I'd be going back there?"

King pondered this reply for a moment, and it seemed to give him something to think about.

"No; of course not. It would be absurd to imagine that you would go back there. Did any of your acquaintances know that Gregg had received all this money?"

"Nobody gets any information off me. Don't worry about that. Keeping my mouth shut is the best thing I do."

"That's the best policy in business, Mr. Farmer." King paused for a moment, then reached for his hat. "By the way," he asked casually, "who let you into the house that night, Harris or Minturn?"

"How should I know the servants' names?" replied Farmer. "It was a big fellow with side whiskers."

"That would be Harris," said King. "Minturn is the little spindling chap. You didn't see him at all?"

"No; I never saw such a man that night," replied Farmer.

Detective King took his leave, but he did not return to the house on 55th Street until the following morning; and when he did so he had studied all the fingerprint evidence secured by Shadwell and had made a careful inspection of the knife that the murderer had used. In fact, as he stood chatting with the patrolman at the front door, King was carrying in his pocket that unusual blade of steel set in a round aluminum handle.

"Of course no one was permitted to leave the house?" he remarked to the patrolman.

"No, sir! My biggest job was runnin' off the reporters that tried to walk in. I referred them to headquarters as you said."

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"That's the stuff!" Then Harris opened the door and Detective King went inside.

"Any new developments, Sergeant?" asked Harris respectfully.

"Hard to say, Harris!"

"I do hope, sir, that the case against young Master Cyril isn't so bad as it looks."

"You're fond of him, eh?"

"Why, certainly. A kind, civil-spoken young man. A bit larky sometimes; but *I* understand his jokes, sir. There's no harm in him."

"That's a loyal spirit, Harris. I like a man who speaks well of his employer," replied the detective.

"Oh, it isn't that. It's because I can't believe such a man would commit a murder."

"You are like me, Harris. You take the character test into account when you look for clues to convict a criminal. Well, I only hope you're right. *I* thought Cyril was a pretty wild lad. Now I'm going to look around a bit. I want to go over the house."

As he spoke, Tom King glanced at the sheaf of old weapons in the hall, revolutionary swords, flint-lock muskets, long Arab guns, and Malay daggers.

"What a stunning collection of old weapons," he observed.

"Oh, yes, sir. Mr. Gregg had a mania for such things. He's got 'em hung up everywhere! In the library, in the halls, all over the house."

"I see. There are enough muzzle-loading guns and rusty swords to have armed one of Washington's regiments when he was chasing your forefathers out of the country."

"Let by-gones be by-gones! I don't hold no grudge against General Washington," grinned Harris.

Left to himself, King looked at the weapons again, then made his way upstairs and did not stop until he had reached the servants' quarters.

No one was on the top floor, so he opened one door after another. Harris's room was identified by a portrait of King George under the Union Jack.

In Minturn's room, which was scrupulously neat, there was evidence of the valet's hobby in his odd moments. Apparently the man liked to tinker with mechanical things, like radio, for there was a little work bench with vise and lathe and other tools.

The large room in the back of the house was used for storing odds and ends, old furniture and the like.

And here Tom King spent twenty minutes, sending the rays of a pocket flashlight into the cluttered corners.

During the search he was interrupted.

"Is there anything I can help you find? Are you looking for anything in particular?" asked the voice of Minturn.

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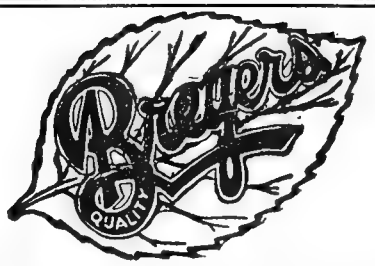

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Tom King wheeled on the man and threw something at his feet that bounced with a metallic clang and lay still.

Minturn jumped back and turned pale when he saw it. The object was a stiff coiled spring, more than a foot long, very powerful, and made of fine steel.

"Yes!" said King curtly. "Help me find the thing that this was used in."

Minturn seemed to shrivel up. Then he pulled himself together and exclaimed: "I don't know what you are talking about, sir."

"Oh, yes, you do. And you know all about that hundred-dollar bill, too."

"What hundred-dollar bill?"

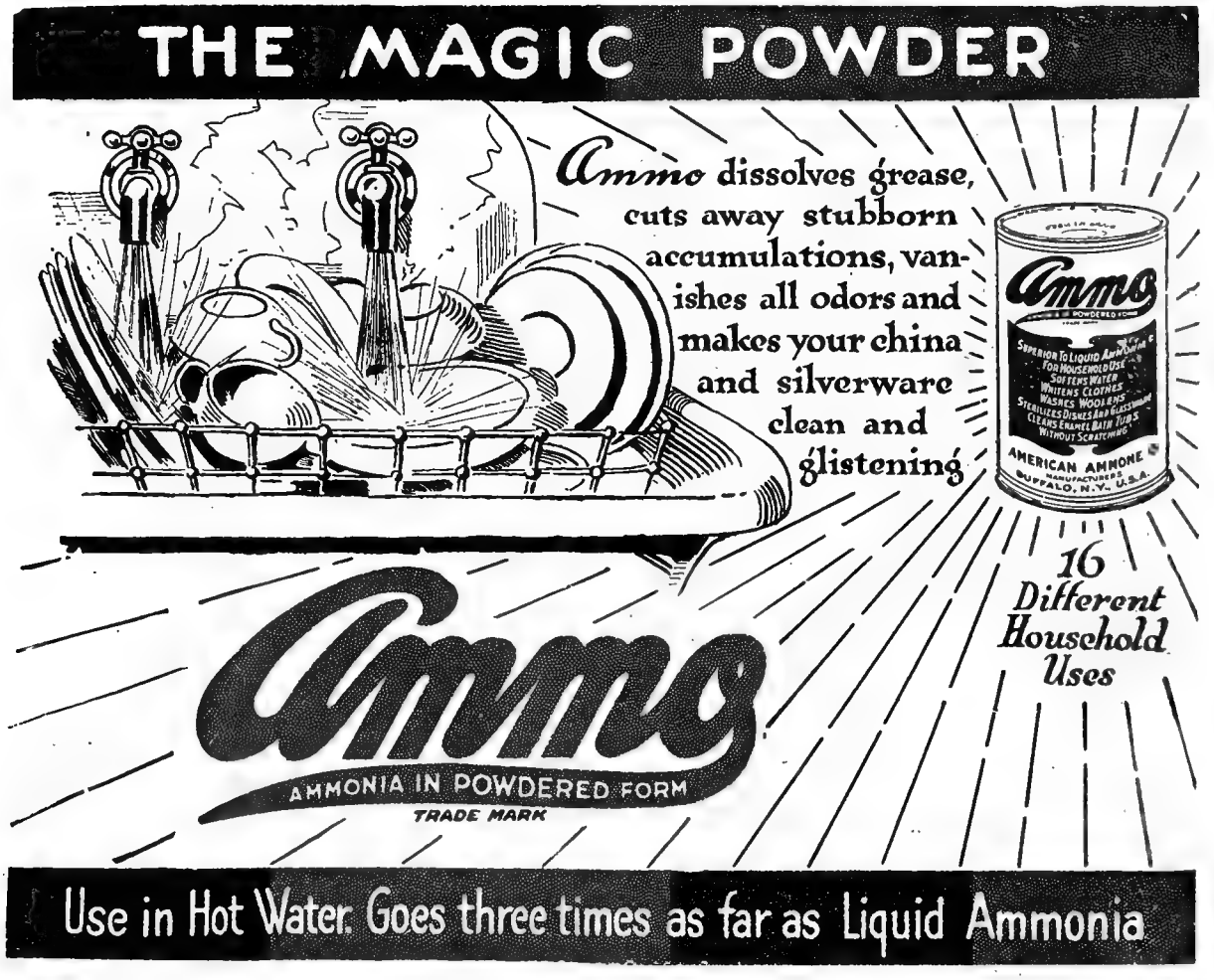
"The one you planted in young Cyril Gregg's photograph case. You were foxy enough to wear gloves when you opened the safe the day of the murder; no fingerprints on that or the knife hilt; but when you came to planting that bill, you forgot, and handled it without gloves."

Minturn stood there licking his lips and suddenly Tom King seized his left hand and with a swift movement pulled the sleeve up well beyond the wrist. A tiny patch of court-plaster showed on the valet's forearm.

"That's where you got your blood stain for the towel under Cyril's bath tub," remarked Tom King carelessly. "You see, Minturn, I've got all the facts—by putting two and two together! I had a hunch that the knife was shot from a gun, when I smelled the lubricating oil on the round hilt. The murderer stood on the landing where he could shoot through the transom. I was sure that's how it was done when I found a bit of cotton that was wrapped around the hilt to make it fit snugly into the bore of one of those old muskets. I even picked out the old flint-lock in the hall, that you tinkered with merely by looking for a trace of oil on the muzzle. Sure enough there was a little hole bored in the barrel, so that a spring could be driven in with a ramrod and caught with a cotter pin. All you had to do was to slip in the knife and take aim at your victim, then pulling out the pin would send the knife flying like an arrow."

"It's a lie! Even if the old stiff was shot instead of stabbed like you say, you can't prove that I did it," snarled Minturn, white to the lips and fearfully defiant.

"There is other evidence as well. Even though you plugged up the pin-hole with wax and hid the spring in the lumber room, you forgot to get rid of the steel shavings on your work bench. I have them now. I've even got the bottle of lubri-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cating oil that you used on the knife. Why, man, when it comes to circumstantial evidence, you're drowned in it." Minturn made a frantic leap, but Tom King struck the gat that flashed in his hand with a sudden paralyzing blow on the wrist.

"You've only got one chance to escape the chair," said the detective. "Make a clean breast of it before the other fellow squeals. Tell me where you've hidden that seventy-five thousand dollars."

"Part of it's in a package down the chimney," said the abject Minturn. "Come up on the roof and I'll show you the loose brick where I hid it."

"And the rest?" demanded Tom King.

"The rest is in Julius Farmer's safe. It was him that put me up to it."

Eagles of Peace

(*Continued from page* 26)

and telephoned to headquarters. He waited until two men came out presently and took the stolen car back to its surprised owner.

It was "Gunner's" custom to visit the Union Station, not only in the course of his duties, but for the diversion it offered. He did it this morning and promptly watched a "passenger stiff" drop from the rods beneath a coach of an incoming express. The fellow cringed when he looked up into the slate gray eyes.

"Where did you come from?" asked "Gunner".

"Albany."

"Had anything to eat?"

"Sure, day brought me breakfast from de dinin' car," the man laughed.

"Gunner" smiled, noted that the face was not familiar, and flipped the fellow a quarter.

"Eat and beat it," he advised. "There's no work here and you wouldn't look it in the face if there was any."

The man looked hungry. His eyes brightened and he looked at the big detective with a new respect and something of bewilderment.

"Gunner" made his way into the long waiting room, scanning faces without seeming to be seeing any of them. In the rush of passengers from the westbound train there was but one face that seemed familiar. To assure himself, "Gunner" surreptitiously studied the description in his pocket, with its rogues' gallery photograph. The face in the picture was that of a beetle-browed individual, unshaved, collarless. The man in the station was clean, well dressed, spruce as a drummer who has just drawn his expense check.

"Gunner" approached him nevertheless and spoke from a point close beside him. The man twisted around in a swift movement and his face fell. He shrugged in resignation and sat down his bag.

"It's your eyes, Henderson," said "Gunner". "They're dead give-aways."

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At headquarters half an hour later they sent a wire to the Schenectady police that Walter Henderson, alias William Hennison, alias W. T. Hennessey, wanted there for obtaining money under false pretenses, was under arrest and would come without extradition papers.

And thus the morning passed. "Gunner" had an enjoyable lunch and for the first two hours of the afternoon nothing happened. It was a little before three o'clock when he reached Parade Street. A block behind him he heard a shot. Then another. Almost before he could turn—two more. His gun was in his hand as he spun around. From the doorway of a jewelry store two men emerged running and leaped into a waiting automobile at the curb. The car was headed in "Gunner's" direction. As it pulled away a third man ran out and landed on the running board. He was hauled up and inside by his companions.

As the car gained speed still another figure came from the store in shirt sleeves, waving his arms to the heavens and shouting unintelligibly at the top of his voice.

"Gunner" stepped out to the street.

As the now speeding machine came abreast he raised his gun. The driver swung the big car in towards him and "Gunner" sprinted back to save himself. From the rear seat a red flash spurted and in the same instant "Gunner" fired. He saw one man sink down. A second stood up. The detective fired again. But the man stood there coolly taking aim.

Now "Gunner" recognized him. The man was "Spot" Claus, the most reckless, straight-shooting bandit in the east, wanted by the police of a hundred cities, famous for his nerve and his perverted courage. They said that "Spot" never missed his man. He was drawing down on "Gunner" and for a moment the detective was paralyzed. Then the bandit fired.

"Gunner" gasped and swore. The bullet had ripped into his right foot. He sagged and fired again, taking more careful aim, ignoring the standing target, intent only on the man at the wheel, now half a block distant.

There was a heavy, grinding crash. The big car swerved and rammed into a steel light post. Men yelled, women screamed and from every door people came running into the street.

At headquarters twenty minutes later, dragging himself clumsily, with his right shoe wet with blood, "Gunner" looked at "Spot" Claus calmly and asked:

"How did you happen to miss me, Spot?"

"Miss you hell," replied the bandit. "I didn't want to bump off a guy as game as you are. I shot at your foot to stop you . . . but it didn't work."

At six o'clock, after he had been at the hospital, "Gunner" again returned to headquarters.

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He leaned on a knobbed stick and grinned cheerfully.

"I get a week off with pay," he announced gleefully to his mates.

Then, chuckling, he drew a package from his pocket, a small blue box with satin lining.

"Look what that jeweler who was held up gave me, boys," he confided.

He exhibited a high white diamond set in platinum.

The Police Blotter

(*Continued from page* 41)

I? Why, Mrs. Durant, of course. And I want you to send an officer——

"What happened? Oh, Bill and I had a quarrel over a coat that I wanted. It was only $69.75. But when I told Bill about it he threw up his hands and said, 'Woman, do you want to ruin me? Forty is my limit this year!'

"Then I ran into the other room and hid my head in the sofa pillows and pretended to cry, and waited for him to come and kiss me and tell me I could have what I wanted, as he always does. I waited a long time, but he didn't come.

"Then I got up and peeked through the door. He was standing by the dresser with his coat and vest off, and I heard him mutter, 'Might as well be dead as to be ruined buying clothes.'

"He took something shiny from the dresser drawer and looked at it a moment. Then he walked very slowly into the bathroom and shut the door. I haven't heard a sound in there since. I just know he's shot himself. Please send an officer quick, and——

"Did I hear a shot? No, of course not. But I know he is dead by this time. What's that? Look in the bathroom and see what's happened? Oh, I couldn't, I'm too nervous, please send——

"I must? And you'll hold the wire? W-e-l-l, I will then, but don't go away. Promise? I'll be back in just a minute."

The woman laid down the receiver and walked slowly into the adjoining room. As she approached the little gray door her lips quivered, and she pressed her hand to her heart.

A vision of what she might find beyond that door came over her, and she gasped for breath. At last, summoning all her courage, she reached out a trembling hand and slowly, very slowly, turned the knob.

The officer, waiting at the 'phone on the other end of the wire, heard a little scream.

He listened eagerly.

Then, over the wire, very faintly, he heard a man's voice:

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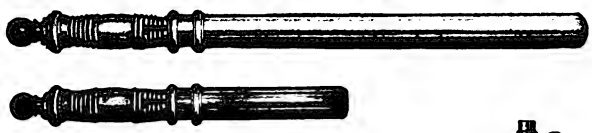

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Pick-Ups

Patrolman Clarence "Red" Donady, of Astoria, Long Island, heard this one:

Traffic policeman at 42nd Street and 5th Avenue remarks bitterly that when an autoist sees the traffic cop put up his hand, he applies the brakes; when a red light blinks before him, he slows down; but—let a luckless pedestrian dart in front of his machine, and away goes the accelerator, away goes the pedestrian.

"What I say goes," said Traffic Policeman Dawson of the 59th Street station to a careless driver.

"Very well," answered the witty autoist, "come over to my house some day and say Ford."

How to Report an Accident in One Smashing Episode

Two taxis, a Yellow cab and a Pink cab, collided at the corner of 42nd Street and 5th Avenue. The paint on the Yellow cab was badly scratched, the Pink one had a piece of its back mud guard chipped off.

The two cabs after loosening up pulled over to the curb, one in front of the other. Traffic moved on as usual.

The two chauffeurs, two witnesses and a policeman conferred together and wrote notes in their notebooks. The policeman wrote for fully forty-five minutes.

What he wrote was as follows:

"I was on duty at 42nd Street and 5th Avenue at 1:15 p.m. on Monday, Sept 1, 1925, being stationed at the northwestern corner of the crossing. It was a beautiful day, with the sun heating my badge and brass buttons. The bottom button was missing at the time. There had been no snow since I reported for duty at 10:15 a.m. three months before. The Avenue was dry save for a bucket of water a pedestrian rejected from his mouth on the southwestern corner.

Two taxis proceeding eastward pulled up alongside each other in front of me. According to the chauffeur of the Yellow cab he was directing to the Capital Theatre on Broadway. On that day an actor was believed to be waiting for a cab on that corner. The license number of the car was 28124, Harlem. Mr. Patrick Michael Smith McLoughlin, of Ravenswood, was the chauffeur. His license No. was 241.

The other cab, on the driver's disposition, was bound for a crap game, as he confessed (here follow corresponding details of the other cab, driver, license, etc.)

I verified the numbers of the chauffers and their cabs from their papers which were slightly soiled and creased in the centre, and got the license numbers at firsthand from the cabs themselves. The westward moving traffic was at the time being held up by P. C. Thomas McGurk,

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42827, facing west with his back toward me, with right hand extended upward above eye-level. Two cabs specified drew alongside each other. The outside cab (28124) drew up too close to the inside cab (42827) and its left side came in contact with the right hand back mudguard of the inside cab.

Details of accident:

Dead—none.

Injured—none.

Frightened—none.

Material Damage—Yellow cab suffered serious indention 3/8 of an inch deep and scraping of two coated paint from the side for a total length of 14 7/16 inches. Maximum width of scrape 2 48/100 inches.

Pink cab had a piece of the back mudguard forcibly detached and thrown into the street a distance of 6½ feet, about 2⅛ inches from the curb. The piece measured 8⅛ inches thick.

Time of accident—1:15 p.m. Sept. 1, 1925.

Condition of driver of Yellow cab—to all appearances, sober. On his own assertion had not tasted alcoholic liquor since 12:30 p.m., of the same date five years ago.

Condition of driver of Pink cab—ditto to all appearances. Had not tasted an orangeade for two days, due to mumps.

The two cabs resumed their routes at 2:15 p.m. of today's date.

(Signed) T. C. M. T. McGuire (54821), 2:16 p.m. Sept. 1, 1925.

Judge: Why did you steal this man's watch?

Accused: I'm crossed-eyed, Judge, and I put my hand in his vest pocket by mistake—I only wanted to know the time.

Judge: Four years.

Ginger Ale? Blah!

Arraigned before a judge on a charge of driving a truck without a license, a Brooklynite told an exceptionally good story.

"Your honor, it was a ginger ale wagon and the chauffeur was drunk."

"On ginger ale?" asked the court.

"No, I think it was something in the ginger ale. I was riding with the chauffeur during the day when he got so drunk he could not drive, I took the wheel and drove for him."

Traffic officer Geisler, stationed at Lafayette Street, said his attention was attracted to the Brooklyn man by his awkwardness at the wheel.

"I'm sorry," said the magistrate, "I know you were doing this man a favor, but I have to impose a fine. Ten dollars."

The Brooklyn man paid his fine and said: "I have never had cause to go on the water wagon, but a ginger ale wagon—blah!"

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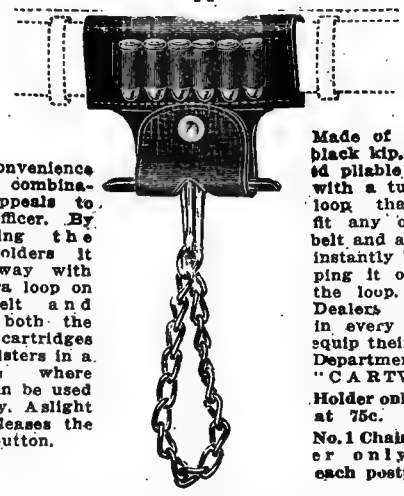

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Rainbow Tom

Every precinct will have its favorite pet, be it a canine, feline or as I have seen—turtles. How jolly they are! At times they are much superior to human beings as companions. They don't quarrel or argue with you. They never talk about themselves, but listen to you while you talk about yourself, and keep up an appearance of being interested in the conversation. They never make stupid remarks.

The 12th Precinct at Central Park affords a top-notch story concerning their pet—a feline.

One stormy afternoon about three months ago Patrolman O'Rourke brought in a drenched grey cat out of the rain to give it shelter. Like all pets the stray cat decided to make its new home a permanent one. Every Saturday O'Rourke managed to collect enough change for the price of milk and canned salmon for the following week. He assumed all responsibility for the new friend of the force.

It was now time to give the cat an appropriate name. O'Rourke, the caretaker, named it "Rainbow Tom," his reason being that it was found after a storm.

Weeks had passed. Tom had acquired the name "ferocious" for the gallant services rendered to his master in catching mice in the locker room.

Tom, the ferocious, strangely quieted down. He made a hobby of his favorite pastime, that of basking in the rays of Old Sol. O'Rourke was puzzled. Had someone turned the cat down, mistreated it, or had Tom become high-hatted?

The question was answered last week.

While the men were lined up before the lieutenant who was taking the roll, five or six different "meows" broke the quietude. The men turned. O'Rourke, as if understanding blushed—then frowned—then felt apparent uneasiness. Friends at his side chuckled—others poked him in the ribs with their clubs. The lieutenant stared straight in O'Rourke's eyes. O'Rourke, in turn, exchanged same.

After the roll call, the men, led by O'Rourke, gathered near Tom's abode. And there to their surprise—cuddled five colored kittens and what was not now "Tom." This incident offered more laughter than any crack Broadway comedy—and at the expense of O'Rourke.

It was rumored that after the men get down to seriousness again they will dig up a new name for the cat, this time one of the opposite sex.

In a French paper we read of a man who, after killing his mother and father, begged mercy from the judge on the grounds that he was an orphan.

Police Capt. O'Keefe of Virginia informs us of a man named Stocking who has been sentenced to hang at Christmas time.

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Farmer Hirams

The traffic officer at Fordham and Kingsbridge Roads blew his whistle and beckoned with his gloved hand, releasing the north and south bound traffic.

The motorists in the north bound line immediately took advantage of the policeman's signal and started off. The drivers of the machines south bound lined four abreast, paid not the slightest attention.

"Come on, you fellows, what's the idea? Get moving!" the officer shouted. "This is a new one on me. Usually you fellows beat me to the signal and are off way ahead of time."

"Well, no wonder," the policeman remarked to a pedestrian as the bashful automobile drivers drove away. "Look at the plates."

Two of the plates had been issued in Wisconsin, one in Missouri and the other in Oregon.

Our English correspondent "Bugs" Tully sends us a very interesting letter giving an account of a recent baseball game in Cork between a crack American team and a "not so crack" John Bull nine.

This is it:

Dear Editor:

The whole sport is dastedly chaffy. It is uncomprehensive and inexplicable, this Yankee pastime. A silly ass diversion it surely was. The Americans called it baseball although to numerous gentlemen present it was a disgusting game of lacrosse. What a boorish recreation!

Imagine these Yankees don't even declare an intermission of labor when the contest is about half through to indulge in a potation of tea. In fact the Yankee boys have the nonsensical belief of trying to hasten things along. It is an utter antipathy to witness their velocity of action.

They engage in the contest clad in undershirts, no cravats, waistcoats or boots. And metal accessories on their shoes! They are most unfathomable. Such comportment as addressing their fellow team mates as "Atta kid" or "Bozo," shows that not a spark of their ardor is refined or gentlemanlike. Also imagine the players when at bat actually expectorating in the palms of their hands, then rubbing them in the soil in order to grip the hitting club. And forever masticating gum throughout the contest! Have they no sense of refinement?

If it were not so offending, this amusement (?) would provoke ludicrousness. And to think that the government imposes an amusement tax on such a sport!

What baffled me was: Why did the players struggle to arrive at the point from which they started. Imagine that! This terminating point, an awkward sheet of crude cork seemed to be

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the main object for each contestant. Such balderdash!

And besides, those omnivorous creatures that bask in the sunny outer fields hardly afford a batsman a chance. Its positively a cowardly unfair pursuit, Downright it is!

And that Yankee manager on the sidelines. It was nerve racking to watch him, first rubbing the projection of his elbow, then tweaking his ear then rubbing his chin, etc. Each whimsy suggested a specific command. It was revolting.

A top-hole quibble of this ridiculous pastime is that in your homeland the spectators are presented with so called "rain checks." In other words, no contest is played if the state of the atmosphere is precocious. Just fancy that—and lawf.

"Bugs" Fully

Patrolman Walter Brummerhopf says that a good thing about riding a flivver is that earthquakes can never frighten him.

Birds of a Feather

(*Continued from page* 25)

details of her description and characteristics are gone into. Did she have the appearance of a drug addict? If she ever had been arrested for a narcotic violation anywhere in the world her record would be found in the International Bureau of Narcotic Criminal Identification at New York Police Headquarters. In this new Bureau there are over 125,000 records of narcotic criminals, and a visible index of over 25,000 photographs from every city in this country, Canada and foreign countries. If her photograph is recognized and identified and her description tallies, then her record is examined, especially to locate her man, her associates or the "mob" to which she is attached. If ever before in the hands of the police the record will show what detectives know her.

Then we have the woman who supports her man by turning over to him the proceeds of her thefts, generally of shoplifting, while he is planning bigger jobs or trying his luck or his wits at other schemes. He is the one that bargains with the "fences" and disposes of the stolen goods.

The store thieving type of women criminal creates the necessity for the employment of an army of house or store detectives and also means plenty of work for the police. However, all shoplifters are not in the "Moll" class.

A large percentage of the feminine criminals in the land of shadow are narcotic addicts. They become dependent upon the man to procure their drugs. Although perhaps 50% of drug addicts are women, only about 15% are caught purchasing their drugs on the street from the illicit traffickers.

Aside from their feminine association the

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woman accomplice is useful to the criminal. Her attire permits her to carry in the folds of her dress the gun for the "stick-up" man, the tools for the burglar and the various paraphernalia used in the commission of crime. She plays her part in many blackmailing schemes to secure inside information, all in the unsuspected guise of womanhood. She has been used to bring narcotics into prison, to smuggle all kinds of contraband from one country to another. She is useful as a "booster," as a "roper," as a "go-getter," as a "look-out," as part of a "creeper game," "badger scheme" and hundreds of other purposes so useful and necessary to criminal activities.

The records of those whose photographs are reproduced on pages 24 and 25 cover most of the calendar of crime; petit larceny, trafficking narcotics, both local and international, procuring, vagrancy, running confidence games, false pretence, shoplifting, conspiracy, poisoning, counterfeiting, disorderly conduct, receiving stolen goods, picking pockets, peddling without license, grand larceny, falsifying gems, assault and inhabiting disorderly houses.

It is difficult for the outsider to appreciate their charms. The likeness between husband and wife is even more striking in the cases portrayed than is usually the case. Most of us have the mother or father fixation; most of us resemble our parents. It is, therefore, natural that we should select mates who resemble ourselves. Our character shows in our faces and those of similar make-up gravitate toward like vocations. The result is what might be expected—that "birds of a feather flock together." What the result of that ever closer association within our present underworld will be in future generations is open to the reader's speculation.

Apropos of this subject the *New South Wales Police News* remarks:

"The women's charms are superficial and dependent to a great extent upon lipstick, rouge and powder pot. Their bobbed or shingled hair is often straw-colored from frequent application of peroxide of hydrogen. They do not mind being known as the 'tabby' of so and so, the celebrated gunman and notorious member of some gang, and they know most of the detectives by name—sometimes by their christian names and nicknames. When their men perform acts that gain them fresh notoriety as reckless criminals, they find some reflected glory and pride in their escapades, and, up to a certain point they are loyal. But, when it appears inevitable that they must face the breadline, pawn some of their finery to live and provide legal assistance for their idols, they often turn upon their fallen heroes and give information to the Police that ensures long imprisonment. They rely upon their sex to avoid after-punishment and lie like Bret Harte's heathen Chinese to try and extricate themselves from trouble."

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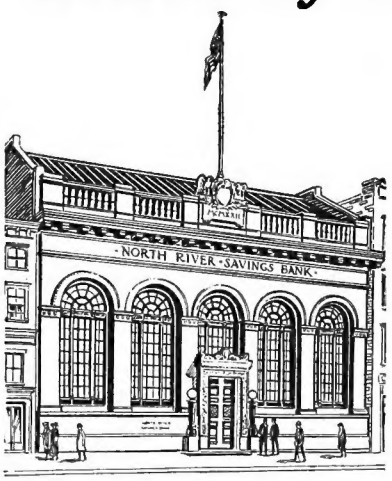

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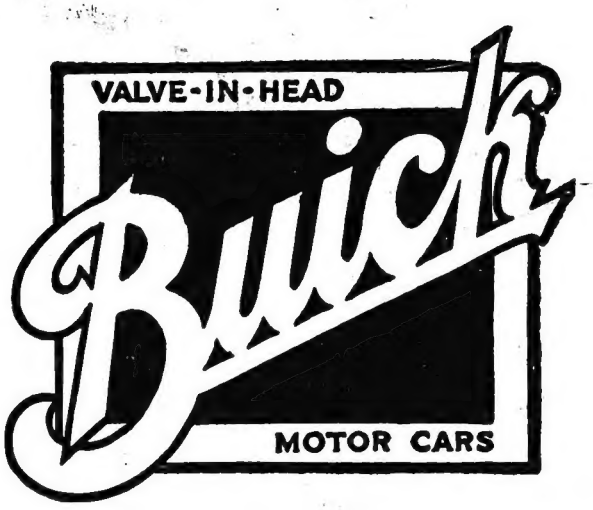

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